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Suicide in New York

THE resignation of the Secretary-General and the suicide of his chief legal adviser have suddenly dramatised the fact that the Cold War is now destroying the United Nations itself. Even before the finishing touches had been put on the brand-new skyscraper in New York, the moral foundation of the Organisation—the independence from outside interference of its staff of international civil servants—was being corroded. Mr. Lie had been brutally cold-shouldered by the Russians ever since his support for sanctions in Korea; now that his staff is being exposed to "loyalty" attacks from the Americans, he has lost heart and thrown in his hand. Mr. Feller, an eminent American who combined strong anti-Communist views with a sense of loyalty to the Organisation he served, was driven to take his own life by the conflicting pressures to which he was submitted, and which Mr. Stephen Pollak describes in detail on another page.

The fact is that the atmosphere of New York makes the work of an international secretariat almost impossible. The F.B.I. is not willing to give either delegates or officials the immunities to which they are entitled; the American Treasury is using the fact that it contributes far the largest sum to the U.N. Budget in order to interfere in the appointment of staff; and finally Senator McCarran is busily witch-hunting the unfortunate American personnel. What is being demanded with ever increasing sharpness is that the U.N. officials should loyally accept the American view that the Nations must be United against Soviet Communism.

Once our forces crossed the 38th Parallel and China was branded an aggressor at Lake Success, it was inevitable that this demand should be made. Of course it violates both the spirit and the letter of the Charter, which was based on the assumption of co-operation between the five Great Powers and excluded, by means of the veto, the use of sanctions by one Great Power against another. At San Francisco, collective security was conceived only as the *unanimous* action of the Security Council, and it was clearly foreseen that any attempt to use the organisation to enforce the will of one *bloc* on another would destroy it. This is just what is happening.

It is unfair, however, to put all the blame for this disruption on the Americans. If the headquarters had been in Moscow instead of New York, or even in London, it would still have been unavoidable. Only at Geneva would there perhaps have been a chance of maintaining throughout the strain of the Korean crisis the vital independence of the Secretariat. As things stand, the only way to prevent complete collapse is to end the Korean War. If this could be achieved, and the grim lessons of the last two years learnt by both sides, it would still be possible for the Organisation to regain its One World outlook and take up once more the functions envisaged at San Francisco. In renewing his efforts to find a basis for compromise Pandit Nehru is not merely concerned to end a dreadful war, but to save the United Nations from self-destruction.

Fortunately his chance of success is not at present entirely negligible. The Western Powers seem to be moving towards a tentative and, no doubt, highly conditional acceptance of the Indian plan, while the Polish delegate has said that it "deserves careful study." The difficulty is that the American delegates are almost bound to play for time until the President-elect has visited Korea and discussed the problems with his party. We have no doubt that Mr. Eisenhower genuinely wants to end the Korean War. But can he or his party face the almost inevitable accusations of "appeasement"? Does he realise that the very existence of the U.N. depends on his readiness to forgo an American victory and negotiate a compromise? Reports of his latest talks with Senators Wiley and Taft offer no very encouraging omens—seen beside the accession of the notorious Mr. Chiperfield to the chair of the House Foreign Affairs Committee.

The H-Bomb

The announcement by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission of "experiments contributing to thermo-nuclear weapons research" at Eniwetok Atoll in the Marshall Islands can only mean the hydrogen bomb, and an event of momentous significance. Not only are the H-bomb's destructive

possibilities immeasurably greater than those of the plutonium bomb, but "success" in these experiments represents technological developments on a time-schedule which is staggering. It is only two years since President Truman gave the word "Go" on the H-bomb programme. Forthwith a billion-dollar plant was put under construction at Savannah River, South Carolina, to produce tritium (triple-atom hydrogen); by the end of 1951, the H-bomb industry had become an industrial undertaking comparable only with U.S. Steel and General Motors. Even then scientists who knew something of the processes involved were sceptical as to whether practical results could be achieved within ten years.

The difficulties were prodigious because the *fusion* bomb is something quite different from the fission bomb. The explosion depends not on breaking down heavy elements (uranium or plutonium) but on building up the one-proton atom of hydrogen into the four-proton atom of helium. This is the process by which the sun produces and releases its energy, and it involves heat equivalent to the F100,000,000 degrees present in the sun. That temperature can be reproduced on earth only by the atomic bomb itself—and that only for one-tenth of a millionth of a second at the instant of the explosion. The plutonium bomb becomes merely the percussion cap of the superbomb.

The process of "marrying" the four protons is complex; but here again the development of the fission bomb has provided an answer. Tritium, the three-proton isotope of hydrogen, can be produced in atomic piles by the bombardment of lithium metal. The yield is a fraction of that of plutonium, and the tritium is radioactive; that is, it expends itself, so that it is a wasting asset in a stockpile; but it means that the fourth proton can be more easily added by thermal fusion. The detonation of the plutonium starts the hydrogen fusing, so that it provides the necessary temperature until the total combination is complete. This means an explosion at least a thousand times greater than that of the previous atomic bombs. "At least," because while there is a limit to the size of fission bombs, there is theoretically no limit to the size of a hydrogen bomb.

This, as Professor Einstein has said, brings the annihilation of life on earth within the range of practical possibilities. Thus the H-bomb is the ultimate weapon of war. Its possession may confirm the confidence of Mr. Churchill and the Pentagon that they can economise on land armies and rely on unconventional weapons. Its actual use would mean the denial of human reason and the death-wish of our civilisation.

The End of Uthwatt

The decision, embodied in the Town and Country Planning Act of 1947, to "socialise" the development value of land, while leaving the land itself in private ownership, was based on the proposals of the Uthwatt Committee. But that Committee put forward its highly complicated plan only because it felt compelled to rule out nationalisation of the land itself as politically impracticable. In 1947, the Labour Government, tied by the fact that it had not asked for a mandate to nationalise the land, tried to put the Uthwatt plan into a manageable shape. This meant first fixing a global sum—£300 million—to be paid out in compensation for the loss of development rights, then assessing each owner's claim to a share in this fund, and then, over a long period, recovering the money by means of a development charge on land where and when development actually took place.

The Government has now wholly abandoned the development charge and proposes to repeal the clauses of the Act under which development value was socialised. It has decided not to disburse the £300 million due to be paid next July, substituting only a provision for compensation, at 1947 value, where a landowner is refused permission to develop his land as he desires. One motive for this change of policy is undoubtedly the desire to avoid an inflationary payment of £300 million; another is the hope of putting an end to the muddle which has arisen wherever land has changed hands at prices including, despite the Act, a considerable element of development value; a third is ideological preference for private as against public ownership.

Nobody can argue that the Act as it stood was working well; and there would be nothing to regret in its passing if the only effective remedy —nationalisation of the land itself—was being applied. How much there is to regret in what the Government has done this week cannot be decided until the full proposals for replacing the Act are known; and this will not be for a full year, as the Government is proceeding by stages, and will produce its substitute proposals only after a great deal of negotiation with the local authorities and other interested parties. All we know at present is that the compensation to be paid in future is intended to be based, not on current market value of the land, but on the development value in 1947 as assessed under the 1947 Act. This, however, applies only to cases where the right to develop is refused: in other cases, the full development value is returned to the owner, without any "betterment" charge.

India and the United Nations

As an ex-colonial country herself, India, supported by other Asian and Arab nations, has succeeded in making Dr. Malan's policy of *apartheid* an international issue in the United Nations. The Asian-Arab Resolution suggests the establishment of a United Nations Good Offices Commission to study the racial situation in Africa and to report to the next Regular Session of the General Assembly. The American delegate opposed it on the grounds that the question should be left to the "lively conscience" of the South African people; the British delegate added a warning that such a course might involve delicate issues in all their countries. Both are likely to support the face-saving resolution put forward by Scandinavian delegates calling piously on all members to observe the Charter of Human Rights. But the importance of these discussions lies in the fact that a group of nations is prepared to take a stand on colonial issues which threaten world peace and which Britain, France, America and their supporters would otherwise rule out of court as purely domestic issues.

After Korea comes Tunisia. The Indian delegate has suggested a three-point plan to the Asian-Arab group; reiteration of the inalienable right of the Tunisian people to independence, resumption of negotiations between France and Tunisia under U.N. auspices, repeal of the Bardo Treaty and a fresh French-Tunisian pact. Mrs. Pandit has already reaffirmed to the General Assembly India's sympathy with the aspirations of Tunisia and Morocco for self-government. When the Indian proposals for breaking the deadlock on Korea have been debated, the Asian-Arab group may be expected to put forward these suggestions concerning other, though less apparent, danger zones in the African continent

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Christmas Books—I

KENYA

The Case Against Jomo Kenyatta

Kingsley Martin cables: The decision to put Jomo Kenyatta and his ex-colleagues on trial is of the greatest importance. Nothing has happened to lessen Kenyatta's unique place in African regard. Last week, a rumour ran that Kenyatta would be released to meet Fenner Brockway: this could have been a convenient police method of inducing hundreds of Africans—most of them, presumably, nationalist Kikuyu—to assemble; when they gathered, mass arrests were made. It is an interesting question whether there is any but a "constructive" case against Kenyatta. One well-known European told me with great indignation of a suggestion (from another settler) that, if no legal case could be found against Kenyatta, it would be necessary to frame one. No doubt much more material about the Mau Mau has been discovered since Kenyatta was arrested, but I believe that the nature of the case against him will be to try to establish the charge of general "subversive and revolutionary" activities leading towards Mau Mau violence. It is alleged, for example, that while he made speeches that nominally denounced Mau Mau, at the same time he displayed Mau Mau symbols hinting the opposite of what he actually said. Certainly the murders increased rather than diminished after his speeches. However, it may be that the Crown can produce more specific evidence in Court.

Many Africans, including some of the Kikuyu, have expressed disappointment with Kenyatta's leadership. They accuse him of living a self-indulgent and "expensive" life apart from the tribe, and of making magnificent and inspiring orations but failing to show the Africans any possible way of achieving their objectives without the use of the force which he deprecated.

Kenyatta must have known about the Mau Mau plans for the campaign of violence and tacitly accepted it: certainly, he offered no constructive alternative and on that count alone is open to grave criticism. Such a case carries great weight with moderate African leaders. I must admit some doubt, however, whether any legal condemnation by Europeans will decrease Kenyatta's popularity with the Kikuyu. On the contrary, in view of the conditions here, I am inclined to predict that he will be built into a legendary figure, whose destiny it is to overthrow the European intruders and to lead his people to freedom, independence, and national greatness.

The case of Mr. Peter Wright cannot be allowed to rest where it stands after Mr. Oliver Lyt-el-

tion's reply in the House of Commons. The impression left upon me by the reply, which I heard over the radio, was that Peter Wright's appointment has been terminated and his normal right to live in East Africa denied to him because he took the trouble to get to know African leaders. Mr. Lyttelton must tell the House whether there is really any charge against Mr. Wright, except that he did what every intelligent Englishman I know in the Colony admits Englishmen must do if life is to be bearable in Kenya—attempt to build up personal relations with Africans and Indians.

PARIS

The Cost of Empire

Our Paris Correspondent writes: It looks, at the moment, as if a Budget of sorts for 1953 will ultimately be passed—with perhaps £600m. out of £3,800m. left to be covered by borrowing from the public or (more likely) from M. Pinay's most faithful supporters, the bankers. In the Finance Committee's debates, however, the Budget Bill has been undergoing severe criticism, particularly from M. Mendès-France, who has been emphasising the extent to which an illusory balance is being achieved at the expense of stinting capital investment on productive lines. He went on, as he has done many times in the past, to argue that this lack of economic expansion—which would end by leaving France dangerously weaker than Germany—was a reflection of the exhausting expenditure of £500m. a year on the Indo-China war.

In this connection, significance attaches to a resolution which was passed last week-end by the National Council of the French Socialist Party. In the resolution, after demanding "that the Government should declare itself ready, in agreement with the Vietnamese to conclude immediately a truce with the Viet Minh and to enter negotiations for ending the war," the Council urged that "international support should be sought, particularly from those countries most interested in the re-establishment of peace in Asia," meaning, in the first place, the Indian Government. There is reason to believe that this resolution was passed only after prior consultations with other parties (including several in the Government coalition) whose leaders are becoming increasingly desperate about the ruinous cost of this colonial war.

ROME

Electoral Pact Concluded

A Correspondent writes: Signor De Gasperi has at length succeeded in overcoming the hesitations of his minor allies in the Centre coalition, and has persuaded them that the prospective value of "stable government" in Italy outweighs not merely the objections to jockeying with the electoral roll, but the risk that the Christian Democrats may rig themselves an absolute majority in the Chamber which would render the support of their junior partners superfluous. When the draft Electoral Reform Bill was tabled last month, the Liberals, Republicans and, above all, the Democratic Socialists protested that if 383 seats, (equalling 65 per cent. of the total poll) were given to any *bloc* polling more than 50 per cent. of the votes, and if the "bonus seats" were divided among the parties in the *bloc* according to their proportion of votes cast, the Christian Democrats might easily emerge with an absolute majority. They pressed, accordingly, that the "bonus" should not raise the victorious *bloc*'s representation to more than 360 seats. The Premier, however, has made only a trifling concession: the "bonus" majority is to be reduced to 380 in a Chamber of just under 600.

The pact testifies to the personal ascendancy of De Gasperi over the Italian Centre. He has, it is true, agreed to one clause in the pact which is intended, presumably, to dispel fears that, in some areas, the Christian Democrats might have an under-the-counter *apparentement* with the Monarchists: none of the four parties in the *bloc* may have an association with outside parties unless the three other partners agree. But, in return for this concession, which may look better on paper than in practice, the Christodemocrats' allies have had to pledge themselves, in advance, "to recognise the constitutional and political necessity for laws regulating the press, the trade unions, and the defence of democracy." This is a bitter pill for the Saragattani to swallow, and there may be rank-and-file desertions, between now and the election, to the Nenni camp.

WESTMINSTER

Means to What End?

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Labour machine is grinding formidably into action to crush the Bevanites in the Parliamentary Party. Mr. Bevan's surprisingly high vote in his challenge last week to Mr. Morrison's Deputy-Leadership has apparently disturbed the calm of the outgoing Parliamentary Committee's last few days of office. If he could muster 82 votes in a direct challenge, what might the Bevanites achieve in the far chancier test of the election of the new Committee? So far as possible, chance has now been eliminated. Last Thursday, at a routine meeting of the Party and without prior warning, Mr. Attlee persuaded a majority to accept a change in the usual method of election. Instead of a straight ballot, the so-called "exhaustive vote" is being used. This method tends always to penalise minorities and to lead, in any organisation, to a monolithic result. In this case, it is certainly damaging both to the Bevanites and to the Centre group in the Party. At the end of the first ballot six members of the existing leadership had been re-elected with the necessary clear majority. Neither Mr. Bevan nor any of his supporters had made the grade, and the machine appeared to be working efficiently. Mr. Bevan, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bing were high enough on the list to qualify for the second ballot, but it is too early to make any confident forecast about the final result, which will not be known before next week. However, the most important result of all may not lie in the precise composition of the Committee. The manœuvre is regarded by a substantial minority of the Party as shameful. These people—some of them prominent and widely respected members—are disillusioned and bitter to the extent that, non-Bevanite through the storms of the past year, they are now being driven towards Mr. Bevan's camp. It can scarcely have been with this end in view that Mr. Attlee decided on means which have shocked so many people.

A Lesson for Labour

MR. MACMILLAN'S cumbersome decision to legislate now for the abolition of the development charge while reserving for the next Session another—perhaps fiercer—battle about further reform of the Town and Country Planning Act is a Parliamentary tactic which can be justified only by shortage of time. The Government has already committed the greater part of the present Session to the traditional non-Party ritual of the Coronation and the Finance Bill—both of which are inevitable—and to the entirely arbitrary Bills to denationalise steel and transport. The two latter are the purest window-dressing of party politics. The full Opposition case against them may be justly debatable; but no one in his senses can pretend that they are in any way relevant to the real problems which confront British policy. Indeed, the Transport Bill, even when the doctrinal question of public ownership is left on one side, was exposed this week by spokesmen of both parties as an ill-considered and disruptive measure.

Why then has Mr. Churchill allowed his Government to incur such a heavy liability at the very beginning of what may be an all-important pre-election Session? The answer is that the Government is facing a real difficulty, the roots of which lie deeper than day-to-day Parliamentary tactics. The Conservatives won the last election by exploiting without scruple the natural feeling of irritation at Labour's failure to dispose of all Britain's post-war difficulties. They made no attempt to equate the urgent needs of the economy with their party slogans. Faced with the irksome harness of responsibility, the party as a whole has found that it takes more than a change of figure-head to change the situation. The rank-and-file of the Conservatives, though elated by Mr. Macmillan's housing figures and proud of Mr. Butler's increasingly confident touch at the Treasury, have still faced the sobering discovery in recent months that ejecting the Labour Government was an easier task than liquidating the current discontents. The denationalisation of steel and transport are two of the Tories' gaudiest banners, and Mr. Churchill, like many a commander before him, is running them to the masthead at a moment when he desires to make the most of rising Tory spirits and to pacify his True Blues, who are full of qualms about Mr. Butler's middle-of-the-road acceptance of Welfare capitalism. By doing so, he is distracting the country from its real problems, and thus, in the long term, mortgaging his future; but he is fortifying the morale of his supporters, and, within his electoral strategy, that may be a sufficient objective for the time being.

There is a lesson in all this for the Opposition. The debate on the Queen's Speech showed how uncertain Labour is about its lines of policy. It showed, too, a remarkable failure to make any adequate analysis of Tory policy. Most Labour speeches assumed that Toryism of the 1950s is the same as that of the '20s and '30s; very few were addressed to the inescapable problems—economic and international—which must be solved if this country is to re-establish itself as a viable, independent unit and make an effective contribution to world peace. There are, in fact, as this journal has recently argued, good grounds for believing that the new thinking of Mr. Butler and Mr. Macmillan (who are clearly in the ascendant in their party) is reconciled to a basic Welfare State. It is unlikely that Ministers are anxious to plunge the country back into the extremes of an unemployment economy which would certainly sweep them from office. If we are right in believing this, nothing could be more helpful to them than an Opposition which, ignoring the realities of the

situation, concentrates on irrelevant jeremiads about a Tory last-ditch which Mr. Butler evacuated some years ago. Labour, in a word, has not looked in recent months much like an alternative Government, partly because it has no clear policy to distinguish it from Mr. Butler's new Toryism, and partly because its analysis of the present situation is probably wrong and certainly unconvincing.

In the next few weeks the Party's National Executive Committee must face these problems in its task of producing a draft policy, on which it can fight the next election and build up its support in the intervening months. The Committee faces a difficult task. What is needed is a statement of policy, comparable to that of 1945, in which Party banners are bravely worn, but the real problems also squarely faced. The danger is a compromise like that of 1950, where an irrational attempt to please both the Socialists and the non-Socialists in the Party led to an incoherent document, which made the worst of both worlds and was largely irrelevant to the tasks which the 1950 Government was called upon to face. Since that unfortunate and unsuccessful attempt at compromise, Mr. Bevan has staged his successful revolt and has reminded the Party of its conscience, its principles, and some of the facts of life. He and his friends must now do more. They must not be content with a statement of policy which, within the framework of platitudes about social justice, tosses them an odd bone in the shape of nationalisation of the cement industry or the restoration at "the earliest possible moment" of a free health service. They must direct their arguments, inside the Executive and outside, to proving that their social objectives of a planned economy, a controlled and purposeful capital investment, a more radically egalitarian society, offer the essential and inevitable answer to Britain's current crises.

Such a Socialist policy is needed, not as an exciting diversion from reality, but as the only chance of escape from the recurring problems of dollar shortage and the arms race. If the Bevanites can address their arguments in the next few months to these concrete problems which are bound to confront the next Labour Government, and if they can convince the Labour movement that they have a Socialist remedy to the difficulties which have weakened the faith of so many of their colleagues, they will demonstrate the baselessness of the charges of disloyalty which are levelled against them, and they will lay the foundation for another advance to Socialism. If they do not, the pendulum will no doubt swing another Labour Government into power, when in due course the electorate is sufficiently disillusioned with its present leaders; but such a Government, lacking a policy in which principle and practical necessity are properly married, might find itself merely continuing the present policies. Such an *impasse* could finally convince the electorate that Labour had nothing brave or new to offer.

South Africa's Decision

A couple of weeks ago the South African Appeal Court handed down a unanimous judgment that Dr. Malan's "High Court of Parliament"—an instrument designed specifically to annul the Appeal Court's earlier findings on the Act to remove Coloured voters from the electoral roll of the Cape Province—was unconstitutional. The practical effect of this judgment is to leave Coloured voters on the roll during the next General Election, due in any case next year; and this should help the United Party, who are the main opponents of the Nationalists, to retain several seats they might otherwise lose.

The judgment was expected. Dr. Malan's bland acceptance of it, promising at the same time a General Election in April, was not. Yet it was an obvious gambit. To have fought the judgment—to have continued, that is, to act unconstitutionally—would have been to widen the cleft between the two White parties at the very moment when the Nationalists need behind them as much White unity as they can get.

Dr Malan's need for White unity springs from two sets of events. The first of these is India's arraignment of South African racialism before the General Assembly of the United Nations, and the growing international support which this arraignment is receiving. Knowing themselves hard pressed at Lake Success, the Nationalists have left their defence to be made this year, not by a responsible Minister, but by their permanent delegate. Their attention is in any case desperately needed at home. Far from ending in fiasco, the "campaign against unjust laws" continues to be waged by the non-White communities with a dogged and undespairing persistence, and more than 7,000 non-Whites have already been arrested for deliberate offences against the pass laws and other discriminatory regulations.

Some time ago we wrote in these columns that violence might come from this non-violent campaign, but that, if it did, the responsibility would lie with the racialists. Latest reports tend to confirm that proposition. Not content with upholding its racialist laws and regulations, the Government—through its Minister of Justice—has not hesitated to urge the police to shoot whenever "trouble" occurs; and the police appear to have had, and to have, no hesitation in doing so. Such is the provocative attitude of South African Ministers, indeed, that they cannot be surprised if this growth of violence looks welcome to them. They seem, at the very least, remarkably quick to cry Wolf! Could it be that they are manœuvring to frighten otherwise hostile White voters into their electoral camp?

There is to be no official inquiry, it appears, into the lamentable and murderous riots which lately took place in the Eastern Cape Province, nor into other riots which occurred at Kimberley. "Officials in Kimberley," in the words of one correspondent of the *Rand Daily Mail*, "are now reported to have stated that the riots in that town were caused by a band of hooligans who, without motive and for no understandable reason, began to wreck their own beerhall." Not content with threatening the lash, Ministers are now speaking of "drastic measures against non-Europeans who defy the law." The Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, Mr. Naude, lately went so far in alarmism as to say that "the time may come when the women of South Africa may also have to be trained in the use of firearms to defend themselves, as in the past."

Sowing this harvest of unreason, the Whites of South Africa cannot reasonably complain if they reap the whirlwind sooner than they expect. Yet it would be wrong to give way to despair. The biggest non-White organisation in the "defiance campaign," the African National Congress, has gone out of its way to appeal for calm, restraint, and continued non-violence. How long the Congress—whose best and trusted leaders are now being hounded out of public life—can retain its influence is problematical. So far, it may be said, the "defiance campaign" has remained non-violent. But all reliable reports agree that the feelings of Africans, especially in the Eastern Cape Province where they have lost most in the last sixteen years, is now inflamed with a new bitterness.

If nothing is to be hoped of the Nationalists, what of the United Party? It is hard to overstate the United Party's responsibility in this crisis. They still have it in their hands to make or mar the future. The Nationalists, clearly enough, are counting on a win at next April's polls: at this moment it would be a brave man who would say that they were wrong in this. They are hoping for one of two things: either that they will obtain a big enough victory to give them the two-thirds majority they need to annul the Act of Union, or, if this proves beyond their strength, that they can use a bare majority (such as they have now) to induce the United Party into a coalition on Nationalist terms. To that end they are posing now as the only party which can and will defend "White interests" against "Black chauvinism"—even to the point of a new "Kaffir War."

To this challenge the United Party has replied so far not by boldness but by compromise. They have established as their ideal, it would seem, the figure of a "gentlemanly Nationalist." And, as bye-elections have shown, they have continued to lose ground to the ungentlemanly Nationalists. If they continue like this, they will certainly lose the election: they may even lose it so heavily as to give Dr. Malan the two-thirds majority he wants. Even liberals among them, far from stepping out bravely with support of the non-Whites, have tended to seek for "moderate African leaders"—by which they have meant, apparently, subservient African leaders—which is about as sensible as trying to light a candle in a hurricane.

It must be the hope of all outside South Africa who wish well of that country that the United Party will put honesty and spirit into its policy before it is too late. The difficulties are not few—and one of the worst of them, perhaps, is the known wish of important mining interests in and out of South Africa for "an advantageous compromise" with the Nationalists, either now or after the General Election. If this policy of compromise should prevail, then the future is dark indeed. For *nothing* then remains but inter-racial attrition, fear of bloodshed, and eventually bloodshed itself.

The issue is not only South African. There is no part of Africa which will remain unaffected, for better or for worse, by what the United Party now decides to do. The spectacle of a South Africa in which *both* White parties are leagued in defence of racialism can only reflect with grim severity upon the fate of race relations in East and Central Africa. If mining interests find the defence of racialism convenient in South Africa, they may live to find it anything but convenient elsewhere. We may be precious near the White man's last chance in Africa. A moderate but practical and honest programme of anti-racialism, putting compromise with the Nationalists finally and irrevocably out of court, might not win the election for the United Party—though even that, once the United Party threw all its energies, its newspaper press, and its manifold influence behind such a programme, is not so sure. But a policy of this kind would in any case do much more. It would bring back hope

London Diary

"L'AFFAIRE Charlot" continues to amuse Europe and to mystify the United States. Last week echoes of it reached me even from a Swedish taxi-driver. Violent language on one side: honours on the other. Pär Lagerkvist, Sweden's leading man of letters, proposed Chaplin for the Nobel Prize. President Auriol has promoted him in the Legion of Honour. And still in America there are those who do not know what all the fuss is about.

"Chaplin can get by Uncle Sam's investigators as regards health. He won't have difficulty proving he has a sound mind, although his productions have been flops since he deserted comics in favour of 'thought' pieces. When we come to the 'good morals' requirement, we had better draw a curtain over details [*sic*]. We shall simply state that Chaplin has few rivals in the race for top honours in giving Hollywood the reputation for being a moral cesspool." Who is the author of this attack? Crude and illiterate, loose in thought and uncharitable in expression, one might easily attribute it to the arch witch-hunter himself. Unfortunately, the words were written by a more responsible Catholic, a Catholic priest, in an American Catholic magazine called *The Sign*.

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The moral atmosphere created by McCarthy and exemplified by my quotation makes it difficult for some Americans to understand the motive of a foreigner who criticises the actions of their authorities. They assume that there must be some personal reason which is undisclosed. It is not for them sufficient to believe with Tom Paine that "we must guard even our enemies against injustice." An editorial note to a correspondent in the American *Catholic World* suggests that a recent letter of mine in this journal, addressed to Mr. Chaplin, was an outbreak of personal pique. "The heart of the matter is that the State Department held up his visa for a time because he had been a Communist in his youth." The facts are rather different. Because I wished to place myself under the ban imposed by the McCarran Act on all who at any age had been members of a totalitarian party, I deliberately disclosed to a *Time* correspondent that I had been a probationary member of the Communist party for four weeks at the age of 19. Many innocent people, refugees from Central Europe, are excluded by this Act and are unable in their anonymity and poverty to bring their case before the Attorney-General, who is the only one able to exempt them from the provisions of the McCarran Act. I applied for a visa because I was in a position to secure a measure of publicity against McCarthy and McCarran, not because I had any immediate need to visit America. For the same reason, the day that I wrote my letter to Mr. Chaplin I again applied for a six-months visa (the usual form of visa before the new Act). Because of my dangerous 19-year-old past, this entails a personal letter to the Attorney-General and answers to a long questionnaire. After four weeks I have been told that I can have an eight-weeks visa and pay more than £6 in cable charges (incurred in the course of the lightning decision). If I do not land in the United States before December 24, I am told, the whole business will have to be started again. I have refused both visa and payment.

* * *

Those who watched the Lord Mayor's Banquet the other night on a television screen must have thought how dangerous television is to all but the best speakers and the best actors. The Lord Mayor, who I think twice mentioned that he was speaking "from the bottom of my heart," ran the gamut of the emotions, as Miss Dorothy Parker put it, from A to B and at great length. Behind his chair the faces of the toastmaster and the servitors seemed drawn with the weariness of their vigil. Mr. Churchill sat with glum and monolithic patience under the erosion of words. It was fascinating and rather horrible. When Mr. Churchill at last came to speak one realised how much we lose of his oratory even over the radio by not seeing him. It was not one of his best speeches, though it contained the magnificent phrase "glacial decorum" for the Soviet elections; but his acting carried it magnificently off—the opening gambit with the heavy horn-rimmed glasses that he then never assumed again, the joyous bouncing movements like a child at a circus with which he made fun of Soviet democracy, the lowering bull-frog gaze with which he turned to serious affairs. But when we call for the televising of the Coronation ceremony we have to remember that there are few great actors taking part. A peer tripping on his robe, a finger picking at a nose—the camera will point them all out. It will be rather as though a movie camera were allowed to move along a crowd of unrehearsed extras. Undoubtedly there will be a lot of entertainment, but we mustn't complain if it turns out to be realistic rather than romantic.

* * *

Was the decision to invite Marshal Tito to this country a Cabinet decision or was it a decision, an after-dinner decision, of Mr. Eden's own? Mr. Stokes's weakly phrased question in the House of Commons may not have conveyed to the Government the strength of feeling among Catholics—who do after all represent nearly a tenth of the population. Marshal Tito has been no more tolerant to the Christian religion than Mr. Stalin. As a man remarked to me in Dalmatia, "Oh yes, the churches are open, but what happens to the job of any civil servant who is seen attending Mass?" We have need—nobody doubts it—of certain allies under the threat of war, but do we need to invite them to this country as honoured guests? Let our relations remain severely practical—Tito shows little sign of rejecting our practical aid. As long as he needs us he will not demand flattery. Mr. Bevan has been sometimes blamed for the use of the word vermin directed against a section of our population, but Catholics will prefer this frankness to the carpet-slipper Macchiavellianism of Mr. Eden.

* * *

Some authors are a mystery even to their publishers. Mrs. Parkinson Keyes is one of the foremost best sellers in England and America, and yet in all the years since I first heard of her, I have only encountered one reader. In a train to York the other day I encountered a second. She sat opposite me, and I took careful note, for I may never see another. Tall and fair and handsome, aged about 35, she wore green tweeds of excellent cut; she had blue eyes, good legs, engagement and wedding rings, a gold bracelet like a handcuff, long fingers, long unvarnished nails, smart sensible shoes, hair over the ears and a straight parting. I noticed she had clearly written her name and the date in the new Parkinson Keyes, although she had only read the first chapter (a clear indication of absolute faith in her author). She had with her also a copy of *Punch* and of *Sport & Country*, and presently she rested from Mrs. Keyes and began to read the births, deaths and marriages in *The Times*, a Parker 51 ready in her hand. Perhaps she was rationing Mrs. Keyes for the long Yorkshire nights ahead. She was eminently sane. I would have trusted her judgment in almost everything—except literature—but perhaps her judgment would have been a little harsh towards some manifestations of human nature outside Louisiana. I felt a bit of an outcast reading a new novel by the strange Mr. Mittelholzer ("a door, or shutter, banged remotely down the lane with the dull note of a rotted coffin," flakes of snow like "an infinity of broken finger nails"). But wild, weird and horrifying, he went better with the cakes served at tea by British Railways and the dark falling over Welwyn. Two of the lavatories seemed permanently locked. Who was hiding in them? Mr. Mittelholzer, I felt, might have told me, but not the reader of Mrs. Parkinson Keyes.

* * *

There is a sad pleasure in looking at old diaries. What was I doing on this day last year? I was in Hanoi, working rather unsuccessfully at a play, a little worried and depressed because General De Lattre believed me to be a spy, and a great deal of my time was spent drinking Vermouth Cassis with two charming members of the Sureté who had been told to watch my movements. There was a continuous drone of planes that day—the French were striking somewhere (perhaps it was the beginning of the Hoa Binh offensive). In the Paramount Dance Hall a tipsy paratroop officer discussed the theology of one of my books and showed me a medal of the Virgin attached to his watch. Sometimes, in the *cafard* of a London winter, I regret Tongking where even the sense of fear, beside a corpse-filled canal at Phat Diem (to-day's paper reported a new attack on that strange cathedral) or in a dive-bomber above the Black River, had a quality of novelty and purpose, and the ennui of empty evenings simply did not exist.

GRAHAM GREENE

JOIN YOUR NEIGHBOURS

The hydrogen bomb has exploded,
The news was too early released;
The crude atom bomb is outmoded,
The scope of destruction increased.
This hush-hush, top-secret proceeding
Is known through regrettable leaks,
And America this week is leading
In lethal techniques.

The skyquake that struck Monte Bello
Is bettered at Eniwetok,
And cloudbursts red white grey and yellow
Announce a superior shock.
Observers around the Pacific
Saw islands in vapour dispersed
And now with an impact horrific
The hell-bomb has burst.

Home Office atomic protection
Designed for the next atom war
Is felt to have little connection
With super-explosions in store;
With hydrogen bombs in production,
With Britain a small hell-bomb base
A course of defensive instruction
Would not meet the case.

The primitive process of fission
Has now been so far left behind
The public admits a suspicion
This may be the end of mankind
The evidence seen in the papers
Its apathy does not dispel—
Attacks would dissolve into vapours
C.D. personnel.

So C.D. recruitment discloses
A singular lack of success,
Despite ladders, axes and hoses
And badges and atom-proof dress.
So the Home Office summons resisting
As a sheer waste of time and expense,
The citizen is not enlisting
For Civil Defence.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mr. Clement Davies was also in first-class form. His forthright declaration that "you are either a Liberal or you are not a Liberal" brought down the house. Everybody knew what he meant!—A. J. Cummings in *News Chronicle*. (Jocelyn Selson.)

Many people whose house or flat has no place actually designed as a wine store are too ready to accept their fate and do nothing about it.—*Daily Telegraph*. (O. Aedy.)

The husband, Mr. Commissioner Latey added, also had a perverted sense of humour. On one occasion he put steaming food in his wife's new hat.—*Daily Herald*. (J. H. Bishop.)

Why must the B.B.C. eavesdrop on big public banquets? The broadcast from the Guildhall was so realistic that you could practically tune into the speakers' digestive processes. This sort of thing could easily turn the country Communist overnight.—Letter in *Glasgow Evening News*. (A. I. Macdonald.)

Witches in the U.N.

"In the performance of their duties the Secretary-General and the staff shall not seek or receive instructions from any government or from any other authority external to the Organisation. They shall refrain from any action which might reflect on their position as international officials responsible only to the Organisation."

THUS paragraph 1 of Article 100 of the United Nations Charter. This article embodies one of the main principles without which no supra-national body based on at least nominal equality of its component member-States can be expected to function. And when, after prolonged and heated controversy, it was decided to set up the permanent headquarters of the U.N. in the United States, the most powerful member of the Organisation, it became clear to many that Article 100 had become an indispensable safeguard against possible interference with the internal machinery of U.N. by American domestic agencies which might, for one reason or another, wish to meddle.

How tenuous a safeguard Article 100 has turned out to be the events of the past few weeks have unfortunately shown. The witch-hunting Congressional inquisitors have even resorted to conjuring up the ghost of Alger Hiss and, appropriately enough, have also had recourse to the services of the versatile Mr. Whittaker Chambers, the ubiquitous big gun of America's anti-Communist arsenal, to try to prove that the U.N. Secretariat is riddled with U.S. citizens who are or have been Moscow agents. The question of what to do with American U.N. employees who become involved in "loyalty investigations" is not a new one: it first arose when, as far back as July 1949, the name of Mary Jane Keeney was mentioned in connection with the Gubichev spy trial. But the first shot of the present campaign was fired—most conveniently to coincide with the hectic climax of a Republican election campaign which had made all possible capital out of Alger Hiss's "contamination" of the State Department—by the Republican Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, in his disclosure early in October that he had demanded an investigation of the "extensive infiltration" of the U.N. Secretariat by American Communists.

Trygve Lie advised U.N. employees summoned for questioning by the Internal Security Sub-committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, that he expected them "to conduct themselves with the respect due to an official agency of a member-State." He pointed out, clearly without any illusion as to the kind of charge they would be confronted with, that "the laws of the United States dealing with the immunities of the United Nations do not provide any immunity from legal processes for staff members in regard to their private activities, or to their activities prior to employment with the United Nations." At the same time the memorandum quoted Articles 100 and 105 of the U.N. Charter *and* the International Organisations Immunities Act passed by Congress in 1945, extending inviolability to the U.N. archives and immunity from legal process for officials and members concerning their actions in their official capacities. Mr. Lie also reminded his American employees that, if called to testify, they might only answer questions about U.N. relating to their own work, their titles, remuneration and date of employment, but, the memorandum concludes, "these privileges and immunities furnish no excuse for staff members . . . for non-performance of their private obligations or their failure to observe police regulations."

Then, on October 13, 14 and 15, the Senate Sub-committee on Internal Security proceeded to cross-examine its first twelve victims in the new drive, all of them high officials drawing substantial salaries, ranging from Mrs. Marjorie Zap of the Department of Economic Affairs ($4,800) to Joel Gordon, a section chief of the same department ($10,100). On October 15, Democrat Senator O'Conor of Maryland said that the evidence before the Sub-committee showed that "a full-scale operation" of "subversive activities directed against the security of this nation" was under way "participated in by American citizens connected with U.N." Yet the refusal of the twelve witnesses to testify about any Communist affiliations or activities on their part did not save them from Mr. Lie's "administrative decision" announced a week later: dismissal of Stanley Graze, of the Technical Assistance Administration; suspension of Joel Gordon who had refused to reply to the question whether he was "now engaged in any subversive activities against the U.S. Government"; and placing on "compulsory leave" of the remaining implicated members of U.N.'s Secretariat. But the witch-hunting Senators were clearly out for bigger fry than the twelve against whom the only evidence of subversion and espionage adduced was their silence. So, on October 23, the star-witness Whittaker Chambers was recalled from his temporary retirement from the witness-box and confronted with David Zablodowsky, a U.N. editorial official. Chambers duly "recognised" Zablodowsky as a member of the Communist underground organisation in 1936. He told Senator Eastland of Mississippi that "Zablodowsky sometimes said he was a Communist," though he did not think that he was an "organisational" Communist. But despite all the committee's efforts to make Chambers pin the label of Communism on David Weintraub, an eminent economist of the New Deal period and now Director of U.N.'s Division of Economic Stability and Development, Chambers could do no better than state that he had "heard his name in the underground." Later he had to admit that the name he had heard was *Weinstone*, and when pressed to say if he had any reason to believe that David Weinstone *was* David Weintraub he said he "thought they were the same."

On the next day of the hearing, after Zablodowsky's admission that he had associated with Communists in 1936 in order to help fight Nazism, Senator Eastland "went to town" and delivered a scathing attack on Trygve Lie and the United Nations. What made the Senator see red was the fact that Lie had given absence of leave *with pay* to ten of the American U.N. employees disciplined the week before—and that despite the fact that his committee had "uncovered" among American employees of the U.N. "the greatest concentration of Communists." The Senator, in blithe disregard of Article 100 of the Charter or, indeed, of the Immunities Act, thundered that he wanted to make it "crystal clear" that "no international body will be permitted to deprive or circumvent the United States Government in the control of its own citizens!"

While the Sub-committee continued its process of purification, Mr. Trygve Lie, haplessly caught between the raucous denunciations from Senators and sections of the Republican press for "harbouring" Communists and the growing dismay and demoralisation of his own staff of four and a half thousand recruited from sixty nations, announced that he would call upon a panel of "eminent jurists" to pronounce upon three questions: (1) can an international civil servant be made to testify before a governmental body of a member-State? (2) how has the testimony before the Senate Sub-committee affected the U.N.'s status before the public? and (3) should alleged American Communists be permitted to work for U.N.? The Secretary-General's decision was clearly an implementation of his statement some days earlier that he did not want in the U.N. Americans who were "disloyal to their country," but that he would not act "on mere suspicions or smears." It is doubtful, to say the least, whether the findings of the eminent jurists will greatly impress Senator O'Conor, who has declared that ". . . traitors are actively identified with an international Organisation which is being supported by the United States Government." In any case, the jurists will act in a purely advisory capacity and their verdict will in no way affect the normal course of administrative procedure in dismissing or suspending a member of the Secretariat or the "purgee's" possibility of appeal.

The extension of the Great Witch Hunt to the United Nations raises not only the question of its inevitably deplorable effect on public opinion, which has gradually come to regard the creation of a truly international and independent civil service as a great potential blessing in a world riven by hatred and strife between nations. It also poses the question of how the baying of the Senatorial bloodhounds is affecting the working morale of those U.N. employees who are seeing able and trusted colleagues hauled before a tribunal which has found them guilty before they even enter the court-room. It is currently believed by many U.N. observers that the real target of the Internal Security committee's investigators is, not to establish or disprove the "patriotism" of its witnesses, but to find out who in the State Department or elsewhere in Washington sponsored certain Americans for highly placed U.N. jobs and what references were furnished by what Americans when they applied for their U.N. posts. These observers argue that if the Committee can "prove" that a "ring" of Communists in the State Department "smuggled" certain Communists into U.N. key positions, it will have delivered a crippling blow against Acheson and other liberal-minded members of the Administration. These Senators even hope, it is said, that by persisting long enough they will finally "establish" that some prominent Americans in the U.N. Secretariat were recommended by Alger Hiss himself.

The effect of all this on the morale of the staff can be easily imagined: people in the glass palace on Manhattan are unhappy and disturbed, the

more so as they feel that anybody leaving the U.N. under the slightest cloud will have a hard time finding another job. Service in the U.N. Secretariat is no longer a good recommendation for future employers! Trygve Lie's attitude, though there is some sympathy with his delicate position, is generally criticised. It is said that when Lie was questioned why disloyal Americans were being fired, while disloyal Czechs and Poles, i.e., those on the U.N. staff hostile to their regimes at home, were in no such danger, he had to admit that, from a *United Nations* point of view, there was no legally valid answer, though from a *United States* point of view there was.

But whatever the arguments for or against Lie, few people doubt that the pattern lately established will prevail. It looks as though Article 100 of the U.N. Charter is becoming a dead letter, whatever the panel of eminent jurists may eventually say.

STEPHEN W. POLLAK

Britain's Homes

III. The Rural Underground

HOUSING in rural England of the Fifties presents no problem that is comparable with housing in urban England. Already less than a tenth of all the people living in England, our rural population continues to grow smaller. By and large, it is probably better housed today than ever it was. Nobody who cares to travel through East Anglia, to which these remarks are mainly limited, will fail to be impressed with many clusters of new "Council" houses, often well designed and well built and always an improvement on the skimped and hut-like houses of "Council" building between the wars. These good standards, it is true, are yielding to the pressure of "economy," with cuts in comfort and convenience that will soon bring us, at the present rate, down to the pre-war level: even so, we have had several years of good building, and our local authorities have not wasted these years.

The wanderer through rural England will notice these things, and will rightly feel that farming prosperity—and when have farmers made more money than they are making now?—is at least a little reflected in an improvement of conditions for farm workers. He will notice, at any rate within two or three hours' run of Charing Cross in almost any direction, a great many cottages and little houses which middle-class owners have taken over in the past few years so as to transform them in the enterprising spirit of Mr. Beverley Nichols. He may be inclined, noticing these things and lunching at a good inn (for we have good inns in England, all frenchified grumbling to the contrary), to rhapsodise on England's careful conservation of her rural values, and all that.

This is well enough, and nobody who lives in rural England would wish to cry down such admiration. All good things admitted, however, there is still another side to the matter. This other side our traveller will not easily see. It concerns what can reasonably be called the rural underground.

The rural underground consists of a segment of our population, relatively sparse but sturdy and long-enduring, which usually lacks the means of making itself heard. Its living conditions are bad; often they are atrocious. Its manners and its thoughts are hard to get at, partly because they often enough belong to a style and time which are long gone by. It lives to itself, secretively, humbly, remembering the past and not much liking the present, and its language—for those who can understand it—contains such words as "tempest" and an adjectival "some" which most of us believe was first developed in our former American colonies. Nowadays it tends on the whole to vote Labour, but it seldom dares to say so.

Study is needed of our rural underground before it disappears, finally and for ever, behind the blue exhaust of tractors and the coming of electric power, motor transport, and modern disintegration. Here in East Anglia, for example, there exists beneath the scream and wheel of foreign jet-fighters a population which has its roots in Domesday and its memories entrapped by an echoing history. A friend of mine in East Suffolk, Mr. Ewart Evans, has discovered through diligent inquiry that the local memories of his village, which is Blaxhall, include a living legend of the Black Death. It is said that the isolation of Blaxhall Church, standing far from the village of today, goes back to the plague, when the villagers of Blaxhall incinerated their cottages and moved away from the infection which was spreading there. Of the outside world this rural underground has little knowledge.

"I'm going to China," I informed an elderly inhabitant of my own village some months ago.

She pursed up her lips in sympathy. "Ah," she said, "would that be far?" She is living in half a disused schoolroom; and her bucket lavatory is ankle-deep in water throughout the winter. When you ask her why she doesn't complain about it, she shrugs her shoulders and says: "What's the use? Wouldn't do no good. *They* don't mind about us."

These people, as I say, often live atrociously and know no means of helping themselves. Mrs. J., for instance, has a couple of tiny cottages in a group standing by the roadside not far from Braintree. When she "was married there," forty-six years ago, the rent was one shilling a week. Now, when dilapidation is almost complete, the rent is five and fourpence a week. Bald rafters poke through sad old moulting thatch the colour of midden dung. Plaster scales from the saffron walls. Water comes in almost everywhere.

"Why doesn't the owner do repairs?"

"Well, he should," says Mrs. J. "He says he's going to. I don't know, I'm sure."

Principally, though, these hardships of rural housing derive not from the houses themselves, for country folk are accustomed to damp and draught, but from the lack of such amenities as most of us take for granted. Many villages in England still have no light, mains water supply, or effective sanitation. Apart from gypsies and their kin, there is still quite a number of families living in little hedge huts, in abandoned stores on abandoned airfields, squatting for as long as they may, moving on with dumb resentment when the local authorities catch up with their squatting. For the most part, as always with this rural underground, they are people for whom society seems to have devised no means of organised self-defence. Their sufferings continue until someone else comes along, someone not of their own kind, and makes a fuss about this or that scandal of neglect. Not long ago, in a case which is not by any means isolated, a member of a Suffolk gathering of delegates of Women's Institutes reported that "there were still people (in her neighbourhood) who had to share their ponds with the cattle for drinking water." "I saw this in India," she said, "but I did not think when I came home that I should find it still going on in a so-called civilised country." Last winter, on a disused airfield not far from my village, a baby was born to a couple who were living in a little storage hut: their only supply of water was such as they could bale from rain puddles on the asphalt.

Then there is the case of polluted wells in East Suffolk. This same village of Blaxhall, not unique in this respect, has four polluted wells at the moment; and each of these wells is the only source of water supply for three or four families. Deep wells that echo as you speak into them, with moss and ferns sprouting and varnishing the sides and the buckets scarcely visible in the tiny sky-reflecting circle far below, this water supply is acknowledged by the local authority as unfit to drink without boiling. Similarly polluted water was responsible for the death of a baby in East Bergholt two years ago; and yet the cottagers of Blaxhall are merely told that they must "boil their water." The local authority has not been idle, but has not been very energetic either. Mains water pipes were laid into Blaxhall 18 months ago, and farmers can water their cattle on water that is not polluted: but no mains water goes into the cottages of Blaxhall. There is now a promise that they may get it sometime next year. Happily for Blaxhall, one or two of its inhabitants, and notably Mr. Ewart Evans, have done everything they can to make this situation public.

Broadly, there are two conclusions to be drawn from the condition of rural housing in England. In the first place, it can be said that the effort to abolish unfit habitations that was made at the end of the second world war, and for some years after it, went a long step towards completing the job. But it stopped short just when local authorities were considering schemes, or should be considering schemes, to improve the lot of those who are least able to speak up for themselves. This is especially true of old age pensioners. Many old people in rural England now face the prospect of living out their last years in conditions of worsening dilapidation, and with less chance than ever of a betterment. Among other measures the present Government's Public Works Loans Bill, now under consideration by the House of Commons, seems intended as a means of cutting down local authorities' expenditure on public works, or of making such works more expensive (by making dearer the money they borrow)—which is the same as saying that these works will be fewer than before. For as long as it lasts, the Welfare State is fair enough: unhappily, it is not lasting very well. One after another, means of sheltering the poor from the worst consequences of their poverty are wilting before the blast of Conservative policies.

The second conclusion derives from the fact that most—perhaps almost all—unfit rural habitations are the property of private persons. Rent restriction, it is argued, has made repairs uneconomic: well-intending owners "simply can't afford" to carry out even the minimum repairs of laying new thatch on bare rafters—let alone improvements such as the piping of water from new mains supplies which run along outside cottage doors. Everyone who lives in the country knows of such cases: even when local authorities bring the water past the door, landlords refuse to install more than a single tap, and often enough not even that. This position can only get worse. In the circumstances of contemporary England, facing years which seem likely to be as hard as any of us can remember, there is need for bold legislation here. To patch up a remedy by raising rents will be to commit a social crime against people who cannot afford to pay higher rents. To leave things as they are will be to perpetuate the trend to dilapidation. Private ownership and private management of low-rental housing is responsible today for most of the housing hardships of our country. It is out of date, incapable of helping itself, much less helping the unhappy people who must occupy its property.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Going Home

PERHAPS a "ritual of the wallet," essential in the Southern States but unnecessary during a year in Scandinavia, would summarise my ambivalent and vacillating feelings about returning home—home to a Jim Crow America, and home to the "ways of White folk" which, by our accommodation to them, have decreed psychological instability for a race of fifteen million. Unlike the physiological thermal system which keeps body temperature on an even keel despite all changes in the weather, the mind has no such spontaneous mechanism for adjusting the emotions of Negroes to the vagaries of the American colour line.

I have performed the ritual on many occasions before leaving my Manhattan apartment for Penn Station or LaGuardia Airport—but only for trips to the Southern States. I should be more likely to forget my ticket to Atlanta or light clothing for torrid New Orleans than to forget to remove from my wallet the photograph of Dolores. A train or airplane ticket is not a 365-day-a-year habit, but "the ethics of living Jim Crow," the fact of being a Negro—and of having a White person of the opposite sex as one's best friend—is, in its relentless impact on our every thought, not unlike a toothache. Actually, I have never been arrested in the South nor searched by Southern police. But Henderson, Kentucky and Waco, Texas, are among the places where my heart has skipped beats: in those and other towns angry conductors have threatened to call the police when I refused to move from the "White" coach to the Jim Crow section, or refused to eat at the table "for Negroes only."

Yes, for a year now none of the familiar ritual. During all this time I have no geographical compulsion (in Southern Scandinavia) to rearrange the contents of my wallet. When I missed an overnight boat from Aalborg to Copenhagen and was offered a bed in a police station cell, the desk-sergeant (a typically hospitable Dane, but nevertheless a cop with a cop's mentality) copied my name and address from the driving licence in my wallet, and he obviously saw nothing "incongruous" or taboo about the adjacent photograph. But in the very act of scrutinising his eyes and of anticipating a possible reaction, I stumbled into an uncomfortable fact: had I not dragged with me, 3,000 miles eastward across the Atlantic Ocean, and smuggled into Scandinavia this monstrous consciousness of irrelevant racial differences? Was I not exemplifying the theory that Negroes abroad find themselves fearing and almost hoping for some sign of prejudice or discrimination which will make them feel at home?

It is not exclusively a cultural trait of Negro Americans—this practice of lugging abroad our inhibitions and anxieties. One hundred years ago, in his revolutionary essay on "Self-Reliance," Emerson counselled all of us to first gain mastery of ourselves before "escaping" to other lands, no matter how romantic. Otherwise, he warned, our mental problems, our personal agonies, our frustrations will bob up and meet us—tourists and students and émigrés—in the museums and classrooms of Europe, at the Pyramids of Egypt, even, he might have added, in the interracial cafés of Paris. So on my return home I may for a while be quite unpopular with my fellow Negroes when I begin to draw and articulate some self-reliant conclusions.

In another sense my conclusions, derived from the perspective of this year in Europe, are merely a logical extension of a complaint voiced by all classes and types of Negroes. This complaint—that "Negroes aren't ready"—is repeated among ourselves again and again (usually with a melancholy chuckle), but it is never never admitted in presence of "the enemy." Europeans should realise that especially in the South an overwhelming percentage of Negroes proclaim in private that "a White man is a White man," and not to be trusted, regardless of surface appearances or professions of good will. Not ready? Not ready for what? For the exercise of full equality—if, for example, we awoke to-morrow to find that White America had suddenly "gotten religion" and had dropped the colour line. Not ready in what way? In attitude, in intellectual, historical and, above all, spiritual underpinning. Not ready from the standpoint of inner security and pursuit of the end of man, whether Black or White, whether ostracised or accepted. I am all too afraid that, quite understandably, we exemplify the dictum that "in the hearts of the oppressed burns a passion to become oppressors." Obviously such an admission can be twisted out of context, and (at any Congressional or passport inquisition into my un-American associations abroad) its inner core of truth could be distorted in order to embarrass me in particular and to justify in general those weird, cruel "ways of White folks." But in advising me recently that Negro Americans should begin to discipline themselves for a long, arduous and sacrificial campaign of civil disobedience and to terminate their short-range, illusory reliance, in 1952, on Ike or Stevenson (or, in '56, on McCarthy or Humphrey), an Indian Socialist cautioned me that the *sine qua non* of a successful resistance campaign is, first, the conquest of fear and inferiority feelings and, secondly, the lifting of group morale on to a level of self-confidence and compassion.

For "Man is his own star," and we must not go on lazily believing that a quadrennial vote for some White Messiah, holding ambiguous civil-rights promises in one hand and unequivocal atom bombs in the other, is the maximum of what we can do and should be doing to lift the burden of discrimination from our backs. As long as Negroes worship "Whiteness" as such; as long as a favourite joke among ourselves is the catchy rhyme that "white is right and yellow is yellow"; yes, as long as we Negro males really prefer (when the opportunity offers) to dance with White girls (or, second-best, with light-complexioned Negro girls!), so long will we go on paying flattering homage and self-mutilating tribute to the very doctrine which enrages us when spelled out as vote-bait by demagogic Dixiecrats.

To-day all of Washington's blithely hopeful brochures and "loaded" statistical reports on "Negro progress" which are blanketing a sceptical Europe and a hostile Asia cannot smother or camouflage in my mind the grim fact which I must face when my ship steams past the Statue of Liberty: the fact that Negroes for many years to come will be spat upon—and not just in the 13 Southern States. Since racial prejudice in the 48 States is much more deeply rooted and serves a more widespread, indigenous function than does the current froth and splash of McCarthyism, sooner or later we fifteen million Negroes will regain the "honour"—temporarily forfeited to that tiny band of American Communists—of being the principal goats and villains in the horribly simplistic and mediocre thought-patterns of unpolitical White Americans.

Throughout this painful interlude of reaction and witch-hunt, when the default and war psychosis of White American liberals will add appreciably to our chronic sufferings, what better regenerative projects could we undertake than, as men, to shift over from the low-gear habit of "thinking White" and despising ourselves; than, as individuals, to steep ourselves in compassionate understanding of those whom we must fight; than, as internationalists, to lay the groundwork for long-range co-operation with fellow-sufferers in Asia and Africa; than, as libertarians, to man the nigh-deserted barricades of civil liberties; than, as uninhibited citizens at last, to give birth to an American Gandhi, in this generation or the next?

WILLIAM WORTHY

Peasants and Politics in Italy

II. Marxism and Brass Tacks

IN Perugia, the great Sala de' Notai was full of tobacco smoke and the brown faces of some four hundred peasants, delegates to the third national congress of the Federmezzadri—"*uniti per la riforma agraria, la rinascita, la pace!*" The representative of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION sat in solitary and unsought splendour at a small table for which a card marked "Foreign Press" had been hurriedly improvised. Behind the microphone, Ettore Borghi, the national secretary of the share-tenants' federation, was delivering a lengthy *relazione*, a printed copy of which had been placed in the hands of the foreign correspondent present. It covered ground rendered familiar to one at least of his auditors by many previous talks with local secretaries over a big slice of Central Italy. The battle against arbitrary evictions; the campaign for a more equitable sharing of the net product between landlord and tenant; the struggle to secure more tractors and fertilisers, better houses, schools and rural hospitals—such were the points in the speech which brought applause from the men and women (the latter a small minority) in the hall. But there were cheers, too, as Borghi launched into politics. Must landworkers not fight a Government which allowed monopolist industry to charge rural consumers prices for its products one hundred-fold higher than those in 1938, while crop prices on the average had risen by only half as much, and less in the case of wine? What excuse could be offered for the rejection of the C.G.I.L.'s 1949 Reconstruction Plan, with its demand for large capital investment in rural betterment, when nearly as much money was being sunk to-day in furnishing 15 Divisions *all' imperialismo americano?* Was not the crying shortage of tractors and other mechanical instruments due directly to rearmament? Calculating roughly from the printed text that Secretary Borghi would take at least another hour before he arrived, with correct Marxist logic, at his peroration in support of Peace and Unity, this reporter slunk out and joined a group of like-minded truants from oratory on the steps of the Pisano Fountain in the square.

A hot argument was going on. Was it ethical that Comrade Giuseppe should have compromised with his landowner in the matter of those fowls and eggs? Many *mezzadri* contracts still contain a curious feudal hangover—the right of the landlord to levy from his "sharing" tenant each Christmas so many fowls and so many dozen eggs, on the ground that the tenant's poultry consume in their wandering a proportion of standing crops—at the expense of the landowner's share of the ultimate net product. The actuarial basis for this calculation eludes me; but so it is, and it is a point on which the Federmezzadri feels strongly: its members are enjoined to resist this exaction. The majority have succeeded in doing so; but Giuseppe, it appears, was on good terms with his landlord, and though he had refused to deliver up the four fowls and three dozen eggs specified

CALCIUM

NEXT to coal, the most important mineral mined in Britain today is limestone. Like chalk and marble, limestone is a form of calcium carbonate. Calcium itself, though not found naturally in the metallic state, occurs widely in the form of its compounds. Alabaster, anhydrite, gypsum, dolomite and fluorspar all contain calcium. In the human body, a deficiency of calcium sometimes causes rickets. Calcium metal is made commercially by passing an electric current through fused calcium salts, or by reducing lime with aluminium. The metal itself is not much used, but limestone, and the lime made by burning it in kilns, are vitally important. At Tunstead Quarry, near Buxton in Derbyshire, I.C.I. operates the largest and most up-to-date limestone quarry in Europe. The quarry face is over two miles long and the limestone it produces is over 98 per cent pure. Minerals containing calcium are used in the manufacture of cement, fertilizers, iron and steel and heavy chemicals. "Slaked lime"—calcium hydroxide is one of the chemicals used in tanneries to strip the hair from hides. The farmer uses lime to control the acidity of his land.

ICI

in his contract, he had undertaken privily to send one fowl each Christmas to the landlord's aunt in Bologna. "It was the skinniest bird on the farm," said Giuseppe, in defence of this deviation: the argument resolved in laughter and good will.

I record this incident because it is significant of much that is puzzling in the agrarian politics of Central Italy. The peasants' organisations, catering both for the landless day-labourers and the share-tenants, have a doctrinaire Left leadership; and, from the experience of visiting dozens of farms, I should judge that, in the next general election, the rural vote in the whole of Central Italy will show a solid majority for the Front headed by Togliatti and Nenni. But, save in derelict areas such as the Po Delta, there is no widespread bitter hostility towards landlords, still less any immediate desire to stride through revolution to a sovietised system of agriculture.

On a large estate in Umbria which comprised over a score of share-tenant farms, one of the *mezzadri* complained bitterly to me that his work, from dawn to dusk, brought him in about four shillings a day, while the proprietor, whom he saw twice a year, was taking £20 a day out of the estate as a whole. He was certainly in favour of doing away with landlords; but I think he was an exception. I found a general consensus of opinion that the landlord's share of the net product was excessive (Secretary Borghi put it at 30-35 per cent., representing on the average a return of over 10 per cent. on invested capital), but even in "Red" Emilia I found little appetite among the peasants for revolutionary methods. Indeed, I am not even sure that the landworkers who will vote Left next spring would view without misgiving a Popular Front victory in the 1953 election. Throughout peasant Italy—and the same holds good for industrial cities like Bologna—Catholic Action has made a deep impression with the argument that, if Togliatti and Nenni came to power, the Americans would "march in," and that there would be every likelihood of civil war. The bitter memories of 1944-45 have not yet faded, and the idea of another period of chaos is abhorrent. So, though Comrade Borghi delivered at Perugia a speech which followed ideologically the Stalinist line, the practical points in the whole policy of the Federmezzadri and Federterra programmes are essentially reformist in character; and it is not revolution but land reform which the toiling peasant, deeply attached (if he is a share-tenant) to his own plot, is demanding.

Realising this, and realising too how great would be the opposition at present to collectivisation of farming or even the wholesale nationalisation of land, the peasant leadership is concentrating on a few concrete demands—security of tenure, an increased share for the peasant in the net value of the product, the provision of "betterment"—mechanisation, chemical fertilisers, and the building of decent houses and village schools. Security takes first place: the loudest cheer was given to Borghi when he announced that, during the past year, out of 2,300 threatened evictions, only 30 had been accomplished by the landlords in face of organised resistance—a resistance which, since 1950, has claimed its victims in casualties, dead and wounded, from the rifles of the police. Having in mind some of the well-administered though (I thought) technically backward co-operative farms which I had seen in the Po Valley, I frequently asked if a large extension of Co-operation should not figure prominently in the programme of the peasant organisations. Here and there the response was an enthusiastic "Yes"; but for the most part the reaction struck me as lukewarm. The favoured approach to Italy's land problem seemed rather to be a gradualist effort to "squeeze" the landlord by pressing for more favourable "share" contracts and higher wages for the *braccianti*.

Certainly, there is room for improvement in these directions. On the basis of such evidence as I could collect, I should put the average earnings of a typical mezzadrial family of man, wife and two children of working age, at little more than £120 a year on hill farms and perhaps £200-£250 in the more fertile valleys and plains. As for the *braccianti*, the day-labourers, average pay is around seven shillings a day; but, except for the small minority on fixed salaries, with a guaranteed minimum of 250 days' work in the year, he is a lucky day-labourer who works, throughout the calendar, more than one day in two, or takes home more than the equivalent of £70 a year. So long as these conditions exist, the peasant of Central Italy will continue to be a "militant reformer" and to accept for his political leadership the only party—the Left Bloc—which seems to him to have his interests at heart. But though he is prepared to cheer when told that "the monopolists," backed by the Americans, are starving the land of tractors in order to make tanks—and I would note in passing that this interpretation, right or wrong, of the Cold War, is beginning to create in Italy an odd anti-American solidarity between small peasants and small industrialists—the real demand of the Italian countryside is for capital investment which will lift agriculture to a higher level of productivity and do something to mop up the vast pool of rural under-employment.

It seemed to me, however, in the course of my rural bus-rides, that "tractors and fertilisers" were in danger of becoming a slightly delusive slogan. There are many steep hillsides in Italy in which ideas of mechanisation are utopian; and, even though the replacement of draft oxen by the tractor on large farms could lead to a much greater emphasis on production of milk and meat, the fact remains that mechanisation by itself would aggravate, rather than cure, the unemployment problem. In short, what is needed for the *rinascita* is capital investment, not merely directly on the land, but in the establishment on a huge scale of processing and other ancillary industries based on the rural economy. So long as Italy has a Government wedded to the conception of "stability through restrictionism," such a programme will never be carried out. Whether its achievement is compatible with the maintenance of the gerrymandered political democracy which now buttresses the Italian ruling class, only time can show.

AYLMER VALLANCE

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The Room

To the Reading Room—there's only one Reading Room—sooner or later we all go. We have texts to rifle, a genealogical tree to plant, a heresy to uproot. We start revolutions and mend socks. My own reason for going was to look up Thomson. Among the several James Thomsons mine was distinguished not as "Poet" but as "(B.V.) Author of *The City of Dreadful Night*." Thus already, in the catalogue, doubts were engendered. Was he, indeed, the poet he should be? Why wouldn't our pessimism look at his? Would the luck never turn? "Never!" The echo seemed to spring out of the floor, from Thomson himself. I looked round, but those on either side were busy attending to other voices: one, I thought (under cover of *The Free Negro in Virginia*) to Littlewood's.

Thomson, however, who never fails to mitigate for me the approaching joys of Christmas, was less my concern at the moment than the room I was sitting in, that Rotunda from which, off and on, we had been banished, almost a decade, to rectilinear exile on the North side. One needs the great O; on each and all should rise, like Shakespeare's brow, its bright dome. Roundheads we may become, square never. And, without thinking, I, an infrequent visitor, had marched up between the Ionic pillars, through the revolving door, and straight across to the old narrow conduit. There were Julius Caesar and Nero, Panizzi over the door. There it was, open and, at 11.45 in the morning, surprisingly vacant. I took a deep breath; the fog seemed to have cleared. New paint and furnishings were in place—blue-grey, cream, and gilt. Dawn after dusk! It took, as I chose my seat, some little getting used to. But the long desks still radiated from an official hub; two galleries circled in-

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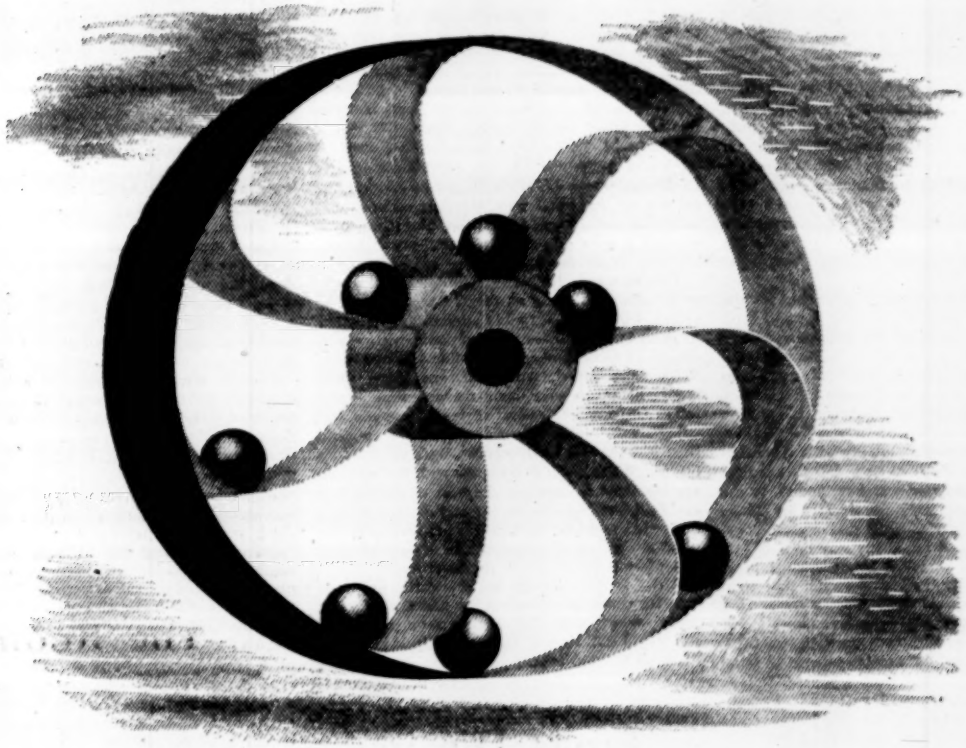

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accessible shelves; higher and higher the eye soared over acres of cream paint to fix at length on the dome, through which a winter sun, brightly diffused, brought eternity to bear on those settled and settling below. It was the old Reading Room, though in a new edition.

Then, just under the dome, my eye caught a difference. The names, the names were gone! There were, you remember, nineteen of these below nineteen windows—a twentieth being occupied by the clock—beginning Chaucer, Caxton, Tindale . . . and ending, I think, with Tennyson and Browning. Now there are nineteen gilt panels. Will the names come back? Or some of them, but not others? Macaulay—have they found him a corner in the lumber room, from which delightedly, in 1982, some Philadelphian will exhume him? Are there voting lists, canvassings, secret ballots? Might we—the readers and ticket-holders—join in? Oughtn't *The Times* correspondence to know?

It takes longer than I had remembered for the books ordered to be received, and I wander off to stretch my legs through the Museum; among winged lions, bulls; pre-dynastic man in his sarcophagus, an agony perpetuated in more than parchment, with the knees drawn up and the hand warding off—French schoolgirls, pastors from the Netherlands throw a startled, serious glance; the Elgin rooms, empty as heaven, in which rise a terrified horse's head, headless women running, unsexed warriors; and so to the battle with centaurs, not quite decided by Time. There is no nightmare to equal that of mythology.

Somewhat reduced I find my way back to G5, where a small pile of books awaits me. I press the button over the desk-wall facing me; strip lighting (new indeed!) lights up for me during the next few hours lugubrious shadows. My American biography improves on Salt, substituting also linen covers for cardboard, and to hand there are the translations from Leopardi (which I've yet to read), the usual perceptive Frenchman, a psychiatrist who knows everything. The quotations lure me on, Matilda flares, day (overhead as on the page) turns to night, all will end in drink—poor Thomson, whose failing as a poet is that he is too sober.

Here, of course, he worked and occupied, not far off in Huntly Street, the last of a succession of single rooms. Now why not *his* name for a window? Why not, for a change, Great Readers? Gibbon, Burke, Lamb, Dickens, Carlyle (who complained of having to sit on the top of a ladder), Marx the unreadable, starving Gissing, smug Thackeray: they would at least have the claim of having stared at the spaces they fill. First, without question, would come Butler and Miss Savage—joined in one panel?—whose delightfully acrid courtship over ten years had the Reading Room for its trysting place.

The bell rings for 5 (in Butler's day it was 7); Thomson, sadly near the end, is left adrift in rags; Littlewood's and *The Free Negro in Virginia* are packed up; and out I walk, with the occupational cold bum and shrugged shoulders, into the mauveness of a dusk in which a barrel-organ apologetically drops padded notes.

The Romantic life, it sometimes seems to me, is not the poet's, the airman's, the spy's, or the lover's, but the incorrigible student's. Addiction to print is an intoxication compared with which opium or alcohol offers the mildest temptations. With what greed, what lust, will they, these word-swallowers and chain-readers, fling themselves upon a new arrival of books, explore and enjoy them, ravish them, disembowel them, and then in a serious brisk manner walk off to order more! What lunch to compare with the poached egg sandwiched between chapters of the *Decline and Fall*, the cigarette on the steps, smoked (as a cigarette should be smoked) pacing up and down, with an eye for a November sun, a trifle of mist, and pigeons flying across the forecourt?

A day at the Museum has revived in me longings for dissipation, but in the gait and faces of those walking away I see, not without envy, that the day itself should be the dissipation, to be followed by cold supper and bed.

G. W. Stonier

Frogs Die in Earnest

I spoke to my neighbour at dinner about the remarkable painting which faced us: five splendidly active whales there disported themselves, spouting, lashing with their tails. The artist had solved brilliantly the problem of displaying the whales, yet suggesting that they were secret in the midst of their ocean. They were alone. One would never see them like that. They came, a vision which he shared, from the painter's head. But they were also true.

My neighbour, closely related to our host, nodded. He said that Ronald had painted these whales when he was seven. I exclaimed. Ronald, he said, was now nine. I wanted, eagerly, to know whether so remarkable a talent had been confirmed in the two years which had passed since the competition of this masterpiece.

"The child still paints of course?"

"Ron? Well, no. Not unless he's made to."

"Good Lord! What an extraordinary thing!"

"Is it? I don't know. You see, it's not painting, it's fish he's interested in. He thinks of nothing but fish."

At that I was silenced, and for a time we ate without speaking. Then he said thoughtfully: "Come to that, his grandfather never thought about anything but fish, either."

I had nothing to say to that; hereditary ichthyophily was too new to me.

"To eat?" I suggested, at last.

"Not necessarily."

But then it appeared that there were variants on the theme of congenital interest in fish, for presently my neighbour began to complain, without introduction, of the difficulties put by authority in the way of those people who wanted to import alligators. I suggested that such eccentrics could not be numerous. But he said that he sold twenty a week.

"Twenty alligators?"

"Cayman, actually, from South America."

My visions of the mechanical and social difficulties which must, surely, inhere in marketing twenty crocodiles a week—for I imagined a voracious reptile about ten feet long—were quickly spoilt. The alligators, he said, were about *that* long, holding up his knife.

"What are they for?"

"To put in tanks."

I said that I saw, but it was not true; and he, as if sensing my dubiety, explained that people like miniatures. "A little, tiny crocodile," he said. "You can see their point." But didn't they grow, I wondered. Hardly at all, apparently, but accommodated their rate of growth and final size to the exigencies of space, and a low diet.

I asked whether he imported only alligators; it seemed so very specialised a trade. But no; he imported all kinds of animals excepting, of course, canines, felines and ruminants. I echoed, mystified, his *of course*, but he, not taking my understanding for granted, quizzed me out of pale blue, prominent eyes and said: "Rabies, and foot-and-mouth." And then, going on to parrots, had some perfectly revolting things to say about psittacosis. I said that his must be a difficult business and he admitted to certain problems, principally a man named, improbably, Gristle, in H.M. Customs. Indeed, my neighbour, stimulated by dislike of this official, far transcended the norm of his conversational powers in sketching his enemy, a small, sharp, swarthy man passionately absorbed in his work and with a remarkable memory for laws, rules, directives and bans. But, apart from the trouble made by this officer, the importing of animals was a trade like another.

"Get you a dozen elephants any time you like. Cost you a thousand a piece. We fly 'em in in Yorks. Or a nice puma . . . I've got one on my hands, collar and lead complete."

"How much?" For a moment I fancied myself with a puma.

"Hundred and fifty."

"What does it live on?"

"Well, ours got out once and it lived mainly on dogs. Surprising, the number it ate."

I said I had better not have the puma, but that, walking recently in a gentleman's park, it occurred to me that kangaroos would be even more decorative than deer, in the coppices. At that, he shook his head, saying gravely that Australians were hard people to do business with: and then, it seems, they had introduced to their country some parasitic disease of rabbits, in an effort to destroy those teeming vermin, and the disease had spread to the native marsupials so that they might soon be in short supply. Still, my neighbour added cheerfully, that branch of the business had never been at all important, he would lose very little by this ecological disaster. And he went back to the subject of the Customs officer, Gristle, who,

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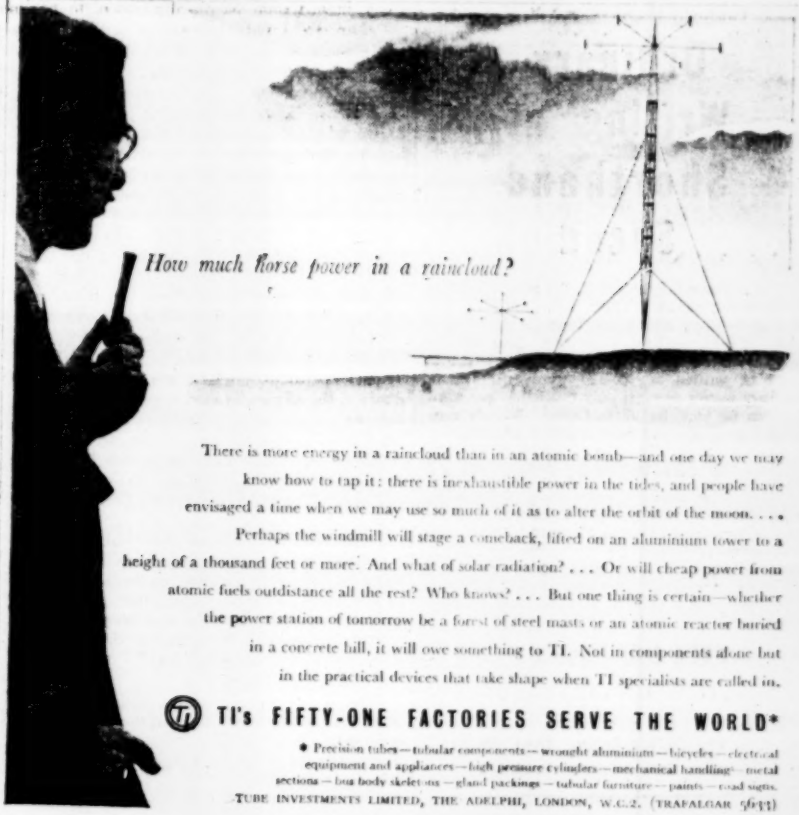

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I was assured, had at last been put in his place, for all his powerful alliance with a veterinary surgeon named—but the name does not matter. Why, I wondered, was the vet also inimical? The reason was personal.

"Mind you," my neighbour said, fairly, "he's a first-class man with cattle and horses, and dogs too. But the fellow doesn't know the first thing about rhesus monkeys, and it's no good telling me he does. And then, there was the affair of the Bengal tigers."

"What about them?"

"Two lovely beasts—fully grown. I had to send 'em to my agent in Rio de Janeiro. Brazilian Customs wanted a health certificate. I sent for this chap to examine the tigers. He flatly refused. I insisted. He's never forgiven me. Something in it, of course. Ever take a tiger's temperature?"

I said I had not had occasion to do so, and he nodded, and said he supposed not. At all events, the vet was in tacit but close alliance with Gristle, and backed him up whenever he "made trouble." There had been words over a consignment of giant snails . . . my neighbour held up a water jug to indicate the size of these monstrous gasteropods, assuring me that they are very succulent eating.

"Not that I wanted to eat 'em. Sell 'em. People like to have 'em about. The vet and Gristle said they'd play hell in the kitchen gardens. Quite true . . . they'll eat a lettuce before you can turn round. But they die. No chance of survival in this climate. Have all my time cut out to survive myself."

After snails, it was small, green tree-frogs, held up while Gristle insisted that within the meaning of Rule so-and-so, directive number so-and-so, date such-and-such, small, green tree-frogs were poisonous reptiles, and that certain undertakings could be demanded concerning them. I cannot recall what these were: could it be not to send them through the post? At all events, they were only released after the Customs had been threatened with the R.S.P.C.A. for letting the frogs get dry and hungry.

"We bred thousands of them. Pretty little things."

After the frogs there was the more serious case of the North African striped, grey squirrels, which arrived by air from Tunis. Even I, no zoologist, knew that North *American* grey squirrels were banned. But these, apparently, were North African, and then, they were striped. To Gristle, however, and to his veterinary ally, the greyness of the squirrels was the trouble, was their significant attribute. They seemed not to see the stripes. And as to their point of departure, Gristle hinted that he did not put it past my neighbour, if he wanted North American grey squirrels, to bring them in by way of Africa. It was useless pointing out that if anyone wanted fifty grey squirrels, these could be taken in a few hours in our native woods. Gristle had a point and he stuck to it, and the vet, challenged as a zoologist to account for the stripes, hedged by suggesting that these squirrels might be as noxious to native nuts and fauna as the American vermin.

A telephone call to a much higher officer, capable of appreciating the significance of stripes and habitat, obtained the release of the animals. But Gristle did not give in even then. He phoned the police, the vet, several Ministries. My informant's premises were besieged and his day wasted by grave officers wanting to look at squirrel stripes, in case there was danger of infesting our woods with vermin within the meaning of the Act.

"And all that," said my neighbour, "just when I had to get seventeen very nervous ring-tailed lemurs and a case of Guila monsters which were not a: all well, off to Montpellier!"

"However," I said, "you had the squirrels."

My neighbour nodded and said that was true, and that within a week there was a consignment of one hundred and fifty rattle-snakes from a chap in Arizona. "Touchy creatures," he said, and "Give me mambas, any day." These rattle-snakes had not been purchased, but had arrived in exchange for four lion cubs and a panda, since my neighbour had a scheme of swapping with the chap in Arizona. Since no money was passing, he thought that no Import Licence was necessary. Gristle, however, was quite shocked at this confusion between the functions of the Bank of England, and the Board of Trade. He would not release the snakes without an Import Licence.

"I told him I quite understood, that I had no sale for rattlesnakes, and that he could keep 'em. Then I rang off. And I got the R.S.P.C.A. man down to the airport, in double quick time, to see that the rattlers weren't badly treated. Naturally, he wanted to have a look at them, to see what condition they were in. Gristle was in a foul temper, and must have handled the crate rather carelessly. The snakes were pretty lively—hungry perhaps. And. . . ."

"You mean . . ." I began, horrified.

"That's it . . . all over the airport in no time. Rattle-snakes in the Customs, in the ticket offices, in the admin. offices, in the police post. They rang me up, but I said I was busy and they weren't my snakes. They had to divert fifteen aircraft that day, to another port."

"Was anyone killed?"

"Oh no. They were quite harmless. Came from a snake-farm, and had had the poison fangs removed."

"You forgot to mention that to Gristle?"

"I'm afraid so."

After a while, when we'd finished our pudding, I asked him what happened next and he said nothing, excepting that he'd been getting Customs clearance with great rapidity lately, and thought of writing to *The Times* to draw attention to the efficiency of our Customs and Excise department. Something, meanwhile, had been nagging me, and I remembered. I wanted to know what happened to so many thousands of small, green tree-frogs. It seems that my neighbour's agents had got quite a lot of orders for them, but the vet wouldn't let them go out until, as he said, he had studied them. If parrots could give humans a mortal virus disease, who knew what dangers frog-fanciers might be running, with small, green tree-frogs?

"So I agreed. I took a couple of thousand of the frogs up to his place one afternoon, when he was out, and dumped the lot in the rather nice ornamental pond in a willow coppice in his garden, thirty yards from his house. It was in their mating season. They sing all night. Ever heard even a couple of small, green tree-frogs singing all night? Well, it's like being in a panel-beaters' shop. After a week the chap rang up and said he was satisfied the frogs were healthy and would I take them away now? I said I had plenty more and made him a present of that lot."

We were both silent, thinking of the vet's summer nights, but it was all right because there is some kind of non-venomous South European snake which eats small, green tree-frogs by the score. My neighbour said he was the only zoologist in Britain who had any, at the time. "And they come very dear," he said, "very dear."

EDWARD HYAMS

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The Arts and Entertainment

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

By no means for the first time, I have been driven to the conclusion that, of all the places in which concerts can be given, a theatre is the worst. The orchestra sits cooped up within a vaguely eighteenth-century stage set; but most of the tone succeeds in escaping into the wings, and the sound that comes through the proscenium arch is dim, flat and dispiriting.

It is charitable to hold acoustics at least partially responsible for the sorry noises heard at the Palace Theatre last Sunday evening; otherwise, the London Symphony Orchestra might as well shut up shop, and Mr. Robert Irving, who conducted, get him to a monastery. In the *Corsair* overture of Berlioz the violins scraped, the brass blared, and the tuttis had all the warmth and depth of worn linoleum. If Liszt's symphonic poem, *Hamlet*, sounded less excruciating, this was partly because it was less familiar and partly because it is more lightly scored. Indeed, it is thin to the point of emaciation. Insignificant scraps of *agitato* music whirl backwards and forwards, and there are long silences punctuated by ghastly taps on the kettledrum which are supposed to be as full of meaning as Lord Burleigh's nod; half-way through, Ophelia flits across the scene, a mere wraith of the exquisite Gretchen of the *Faust Symphony*. Next came the most substantial musical composition of the evening, the Second Piano Concerto (1931) of Bela Bartok. A young Australian pianist, Mr. Gordon Watson, played it from memory in a style which was evidently assured and probably brilliant; I add the qualification because so much of the piano detail was lost, and because I don't know the music and hesitate to pronounce on it or its performance in such circumstances as these. The slow movement, though interrupted by a furiously difficult presto section, is an early specimen of those eerie nocturnal shim-

merings and tappings which later gained such a hold on Bartok's imagination; the first and last movements remained faithful to the *moto perpetuo* hammer-and-tongs style of their period.

After the interval it was 1952. The first performance was given of *The Shadow of Cain*, a setting by Humphrey Searle of Edith Sitwell's meditation on the disaster of Hiroshima. The ten pages of her poem contain much striking imagery, passages of searing eloquence and a final couplet worthy of Blake; but much of it, even on a third reading, remains exceedingly obscure. The composer seems to have had one overriding but modest object: not to interfere with the words. His music, though scored for full orchestra and male voice choir, was no more than a picturesque background for an invisible reading of the poem, over loud-speakers, by two alternating voices, male and female. It was fortunate that the electrical system transmitted so well the magnificent declamation of Edith Sitwell and Dylan Thomas—she grave, noble, hieratic, the voice of a saint in a Byzantine mosaic; he tempestuous, angry, swelling, musical, the voice of an inspired revivalist in an upland valley. Without such readers, Mr. Searle's music would have offered us but lenten entertainment, for the truth is that it hardly exists. There is a glacial opening, a kind of thaw, a few bursts of violence, and so on; there are motives which can be recognised; but all remains subservient and incidental. Had the situation of musicians and readers been reversed—that is, if we suppose the musicians invisible and the readers visible—we should have noticed the music little more, I believe, than we notice the soundtrack of a film.

Melodrama, the combination of speech and music, seems always to pose insoluble problems, and Mr. Searle's solution, which amounts to an act of musical abdication, is no solution at all, but something in the nature of a historical curiosity. Now that the air is loud with the groans of my colleagues making a sustained effort of the historical imagination so as to see the point of *Norma*, let me confess that it costs me an equal effort to see why so fine a musician should have gone to so much trouble merely in order to accompany the public reading of a difficult poem. 1952 can be just as quaint as 1831.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE ARTS COUNCIL

Now is the season when the Philistines are heard baying in the afternoon editions and the Plain Men are seen thumping their breakfast tables. For the Arts Council has published its Annual Report.* This records how some half a million pounds of public money is recklessly poured out on grossly uneconomic activities—opera performances which no one wants, theatres which don't pay, pictures which are positive eyesores and music which might just as well be heard on the wireless. Such, roughly, are the accusations voiced by the self-appointed defenders of economy. And there is no point in arguing with them, for they are deaf to argument. But the Arts Council is a naughty beast and insists on defending itself—very ably too—when it is attacked. The taxpayer has for many years supported the arts in the form of our national Art Galleries. No one has yet dared to suggest that as a measure of economy the National Gallery, the Tate, the Victoria and Albert Museum and the many Municipal Galleries should close down and disperse their collections. For they are now recognised as a precious part of our national inheritance, which it is our evident duty to maintain and even to enlarge.

In the same way we have a living heritage in the various other arts which we cannot—on any but a purely shopkeeping view of ourselves as a nation—afford to squander, but which the conditions of life as we have now made it threaten, unless we are prepared to shoulder the responsibility collectively. The arts practised by the living—music, the serious drama, ballet, and the contemporary fine arts—have a claim no less cogent than that of the arts of the dead. The private patron, on whom in the *laissez faire* era, they depended is fast vanishing, if not extinct. In the collective age the collective patron, the State or the Municipality, has the duty to step in. This responsibility the State as well as many Municipalities has recognised; and the Arts Council is the instrument of state patronage charged with the duty not only of administering the funds which Parliament allots it but also of devising the "ways and means whereby the arts may elevate their standards and diffuse their influence."

But if the diehards remain deaf, there are, one may notice, encouraging signs of open-mindedness among bodies which have not in the past been thought of as having much sympathy with the arts. How surprised the author of *Culture and Anarchy* would be to find more than eighteen Urban District Councils listed among the many local authorities who are in some measure supporting the arts out of their rates! The powers conferred on local authorities by the Local Government Act of 1948 might well be used much more widely than they are. But already there is evidence to show—and this excellently produced Report provides it in an interesting appendix—that "a limited but promising beginning has been made." To the converted the Report offers a useful argument to convince the waverers on occasions when a municipal orchestra or a civic theatre is found to have "made a loss." This form of "bookkeeping" is not applied to other municipal provisions, to lavatories, baths, buses, or even schools.

> A subsidised municipal orchestra or playhouse "makes a loss" merely in the same sense as the Public Library does, and the misleading phrase has no legitimate bearing upon the civic provision of education through the arts. . . . If it announced, instead, that 'the civic contribution' to the orchestra was so much, it would be putting patronage in its proper perspective.

The Arts Council is anxious to promote patronage by local authorities, no doubt because it considers local effort and self-help the healthiest basis for the diffusion of the arts, and also because it cannot, with mounting costs, any longer perform all of its functions adequately with its comparatively very limited grant. The Report openly states that unless the Treasury grant is substantially increased "in the coming year the disappearance of many valuable endeavours in the arts will be inevitable." This warning note is sounded several times. First there is the question of Covent Garden:

> If Britain wishes to enjoy the distinction of an opera house of quality and renown, she must face the necessity of paying for it on a scale higher than has hitherto been accepted in this country. At an annual subsidy of a quarter of a million, Covent Garden would still be running more cheaply than any of its counterparts abroad. If the nation cannot afford that kind of figure, Covent Garden must close its doors, for Grand Opera of a metropolitan standard cannot be furnished on less.

Then, "most of the permanent symphony orchestras are at present flying danger signals." Here it is suggested that the example of Scotland and Yorkshire might well be followed elsewhere. The Scottish National Orchestra is subsidised not only by a large grant from the major cities, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Dundee, but also by modest contributions from numerous lesser civic authorities in the area where it operates. Thirdly, the Old Vic is seriously in danger. The difficulties in which these national institutions find themselves are not the results of bad management or even only of "bad seasons" which a good season may then put right. A series of clear and interesting diagrams (designed by Miss G. Drummond McKerrow) show that neither opera nor orchestras nor the National Theatre, to which the Old Vic approximates, can pay their way, even when they are fully supported, if they maintain their standards and pursue their proper objects. If, as a nation, we want these things, we must be

* *The Arts in Great Britain.* The Seventh Annual Report of the Arts Council of Great Britain, 1951-52. 2*s.* 6*d.*

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"If we want these things"—the Arts Council has been attacked by its more friendly critics for abandoning some of its efforts to take art ventures of various kinds out into the wildernesses where at present there is none. It still pursues this one of its activities, and if its funds were unlimited it would, no doubt, increase them. But, personally, I wonder whether it is not perhaps better to go only where a demand first shows itself. Wherever a group forms itself to pursue its interest in art, music, or theatre, the Arts Council is ready with its experienced advice. For by now the Council has at its disposal a large stock of knowledge about how to get things done and the best way of making a start. This knowledge and experience is the greatest asset of the Arts Council. And it is a national asset, too, which we cannot afford to lose.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Miracle of Milan," at the New Gallery
"Sous les Toits de Paris," at the National Film Theatre
"The Pickwick Papers," at the Gaumont

He was found by an old woman under a cabbage leaf, and that's how it started. She'd dance and crow for him, then she died, and he was all alone toddling after the hearse through the streets, except for a crook who joined him for a few minutes while the police ran by. The doors of the orphanage opened, and when he came out into the square some years later, there was snow on the ground, and he said "Good morning" to everybody. Some didn't like it. He was innocent as the babe under a cabbage. He lent a hand to some workmen lifting a girder, and asked for work; made a present of his handbag to the old rascal who had tried to steal it; clapped the ladies and gentlemen coming out of a theatre; and so came to that wasteland by the railway where down-and-outs crept into holes, and hopped to keep warm or huddled under a rare sun-shaft that was no sooner found than it had moved on. In the world where he was to perform miracles, it was always winter and the sun or a scraggy chicken on a plate were hardly less miracles than his.

So, then, it starts; but I'm afraid I may not have at all conveyed the elation, charm, satire, and surprise of this long-awaited film by De Sica. (It is strange, by the way, that the success of *Bicycle Thieves* should have been allowed by English exhibitors to relapse; another film, *Umberto D.*, already waits to be seen.) Fantasy is a poor word for it, since fantasy (like caricature) is two-dimensional: all here is light, but solid. Fairy-tale, again, is patterned and remote; though there are tales of Andersen's with which *Miracle of Milan* has not a little in common. De Sica has performed something of a mircle himself: look round for films in the same class, and none, I think, will you find except *A Nous La Liberté*: another vision of innocence. That quickly left the earth, whereas *Miracle of Milan* remains on it. Its people are real, its satire is grounded on pity. What happens after the beginning indicated is that a shack-town of squatters grows up, oil is struck, landlords and the police appear, and our frank-eyed hero is visited by a dove which enables him to realise wishes. Soon fur-coats and top hats abound; the little man grows tall, and the servant girl asks for a pair of shoes; and there's a general arrest that ends with the police vans falling apart and the prisoners taking off on broomsticks, circling Milan cathedral, and sailing away to paradise. But once again, let me emphasise that every extravagant moment springs not out of ingenuity but out of feeling, and that the effect is much as if *The Grapes of Wrath* had been combined with, shall we say, *Sylvie et le Fantôme*. The camera lifts its idyll out of squalor most delicately, and the actors, as in all De Sica's films, draw us towards life and not away from it.

On the same Monday I saw the revival of *Sous les Toits de Paris*, a red-letter day indeed! What can I say new of this masterpiece except that its youthful lyricism loses nothing with the years? All it has lost has been one beautiful, larky sequence of rain (matched, I seem to remember, by the scutter of Bizet's "Jeux d'Enfants"); otherwise, with its tenderness on the eye, its discovery of sound, its Waldteufel waltz and its dialogues of looks and feet, it enchants endlessly. No one, not even Clair, has found quite this Romantic stress on detail before or since.

The Pickwick Papers is what we might expect: one of the great humorous spreads reduced to a trim side-dish. I found it only at rare moments funny. But to be fair, if it had to be done, it could have been done far worse.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TELEVISION NOTES

O impotence of Sight! Mechanick Sense,
Which to exterior Objects ow'st thy Faculty,
Not seeing of Election, but Necessity.
Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrours
Successively reflect succeeding Images;
Not what they would, but must; a Star, or Toad:
Just as the Hand of Chance administers.

Congreve, though blind, was prescient. The Hand of Chance at Lime Grove continues to pour a haphazard nightly jumble (the weather chart always maddeningly included) upon the mesmerised eyesight. During one occasion this month we passed without respite from the starry twinkling of Vera Lynn and her colleagues to the harsh Nordic croaking of Ibsen attacking the bourgeois conception of marriage. There was, too, some worthwhile original television.

Race and Colour (produced by George Noordhof) proved once again that what makes stimulating viewing is not some elusive, magical "visualness," but simply the presence of arresting lively personalities given the opportunity to talk freely and spontaneously on the topics to which they are dedicated. The theme here was Blood—the scientific attitude to the social problems implicit in that complex word. An actual patch or two of blood was, of course, conscientiously put on the screen, and also a succession (rather bungled as it happened) of diagrams, but essentially the programme consisted of Ritchie Calder asking questions of Dr. Jack Trevor, Dr. Julian Huxley and Mr. Maurice Freedman. Nothing there, you may say, that could not be done just as well on the dear old radio. I wonder? Being able to *see* the authorities as they talk makes, I find, a great difference, the difference, one might almost suggest, between what Buber calls an "I-Thou" and an "I-It" relationship; the speaker, in other words, does not just make statements to you, in the fullest sense he communicates. The human pleasure of this communication has the effect, as it did here, of rendering dry academic matter delightfully palatable.

Miss Feleicity Gray, who followed the scientific experts with the second of her two programmes on Fokine in the series *Ballet for Beginners*, is another captivating outside person to appear on the screen. A charming and lucid mistress of her subject, she established (with the help of many danced quotations from the ballets) the more obvious choreographic aspects of Fokine's revolution in the history of ballet; but, despite the series' title, Miss Gray could, one felt, have afforded to have been more profound. Having traced at length the transition from classical ballet to *Petroushka*, she should then have made a final assessment of the nature of Fokine's genius.

The new game *Animal? Vegetable? Mineral?* would seem to give experts a good chance, but among the viewers I know it hasn't yet caught fire. From a well-known museum a box of objects is sent in for the team of three to identify off-hand. Last time the scientists looked pathetically aloof somehow, standing up against a curtain quizzically regarding the odd skull or scold's bridle. Quite rightly, I suppose, they refused to make fools of themselves. If they knew they said at once, but kept quiet if they didn't. Dull. I'm told, though, that this is a great success in the States. Are the museum's objects there reinforced perhaps by the sponsor's own products?

One really shouldn't grumble about something in itself so good as *A Doll's House*, but I have, I fear, to confess to being disappointed in the production. Why didn't the great explosion at the end shatter us? The wife's appalling sense of the expected miracle not having happened eluded this light little Nora (Joan Greenwood). And by the final scene we were so close-up drunk that the close-ups ceased to be effective when at last they were really needed. Mr. Harold Clayton used them with, I thought, disastrous repetitiveness to chop those long but absorbing early duologues. The close-up is, indeed, the one aspect of television drama where a critic might venture in all humility to recommend restraint.

ANTHONY CURTIS

Ballet Legat, at the King's, Hammersmith

It is some time since anyone has dared to form a new ballet company, but Mme. Nicolaeva Legat, renowned as a teacher, now presents the Ballet Legat. This venture is not altogether ripe; the choreographers and soloists are not finished enough, while the decor of *The Amazons* and *Symphony for Fun*, two of the ballets shown on the first night, appeared to be quite amateur. Mme Legat's ballet, *The Amazons*, is ambitious in the extreme; set to Mozart's Jupiter symphony, painfully played on two pianos, it proves that grandiose conceptions of Trojan wars cannot be produced on the cheap. Much more within the company's scope are *Polish Wedding* and *Symphony for Fun*. The music of the latter is a brash work by Don Gillis, which evidently has a special attraction for choreographers, since it was also used by Michael Charnley in a ballet for the Festival Company. Now Anthony Burke has set the movements, which Kathryn Beetham dances with outstanding freedom and finish. This dancer has an inner vitality that makes her movements seem inevitable and not imposed on the body by a superficial energy; which fault is rather general amongst dancers of this country. It is to be hoped that the New

Ballet, a company whose programme looked most hopeful, will survive for a longer engagement than it has hitherto achieved, for on the face of it this small troupe of soloists, presenting new ballet by spirited choreographers, is just what is needed to enliven the ballet prospect. A. F.

Paintings by Zao Wou-ki, at the Hanover Gallery

Zao Wou-ki now works in Paris but was born in Peking in 1920. This is his first London exhibition. His paintings of still-lives, harbours with Gothic-rigged ships, cathedrals and pagodas are all similar in character; having painted a vague atmospheric background of fumed but often rich colours, he then traces upon it, in a tentative criss-cross calligraphy, the scaffolding-outlines of particular objects; the final effect being something like a black embroidery on coloured shot-silk—but seen from the wrong side. Wistful, evocative and sensitive—paintings which might make Chinese lanterns seem as blatant as neon lights—one might well leave it at that. But as one begins to look into these pictures, weaknesses appear. Only in one painting (No. 10), of the sun setting behind a Chinese village, are the lines and the veils of background colour fully integrated. In the rest, lines and colour, aerial and linear perspective, occasionally unite and qualify one another, but more often than not remain separate, the result being either contradictory or ambiguous. The reason for this is that occasionally the preliminary background has really stimulated the painter to draw *into* it and to readjust it; but that on many occasions he has simply gagged and drawn *onto* it. The calligraphy itself is also deceptive. It has a dessicated elegance, but nothing more. It belongs to the tag-end of the great Chinese tradition which once combined elegance with really human wit and a firm grasp of structure. If, considering his age, such criticism seems to be hard, it is because I believe this painter is in danger of losing the best of both worlds; he has cut himself off from the new dynamic of his own continent, and is now beginning to lose himself in fashionable, no longer creative Paris mannerisms. J. B.

Correspondence

THE CHINESE PEASANT

SIR,—On a recent visit to China I was struck by the contrast between the post-revolutionary situation there and what I had seen on post-revolutionary visits to Russia. When I used to visit the U.S.S.R. it was much easier to see the towns than the country. We were mainly shown new factory conditions, museums, crèches, and the Parks of Culture and Rest, though there was an occasional trip to a collective farm. When I did manage to wander off the beaten track, I knew that the reason for this reluctance to allow the foreigner to see the ordinary Russian village was the struggle between the peasantry and the Government. On one occasion in 1930 I was left behind near Kiev by my party and I wandered into a small village which was outside our itinerary. When I asked a group of peasants what they thought of the Soviet regime, they merely pointed to their ragged clothes. Those were the years when the concentration on heavy industry left precious few consumption goods to offer the peasants for their produce. The requisitions were harsh, and many of the peasants wondered whether they had not just changed masters in exchanging the landlord for the Soviets. The battle for collectivisation in Russia has now been won, but it was not without a bitter struggle.

The thing that struck me in China was that, far from wishing to hide what is happening in the villages, the Chinese authorities are pleased and even anxious that one should see them. There is no sign of struggle between the Peoples' Government and the peasants, who seem to regard Mao Tse-tung as their deliverer from the tyranny of the feudal landlords, and to be overwhelmingly behind his regime.

Land reform, as Mr. Townsend showed in his interesting articles, is the explanation of Communist success in China, and once that is understood one realises how impossible it is to restore the old order. Whatever else may lie ahead there is no doubt that feudalism is gone for ever, and with it the landlord, the warlord, and the usurer.

While I was in China, I visited villages near Peking, Hangchow, and Canton. Allowing for differences in climate and crops, the picture was the same everywhere. The rule of the landlord had ended. He had either been allotted land like the other peasants, and was earning his living by his own labour, or he had left the district, or he had been liquidated. So far as I could ascertain, the first of these categories was the largest, and the last the smallest. Though peasant revolutions have never been non-violent, and though the Chinese revolution has been accompanied by acts of primitive vengeance and violence, both the French and Russian revolutions were more merciless to the individual landlord than the Chinese seem to have been. The landlord and his followers were only exterminated when they fought to the bitter end, and with them were dispatched the worst of the local tyrants and despots who had murdered, robbed and raped.

One of the interesting features of the Chinese revolution is that large areas turned over from feudal landlordism to peasant proprietorship with little violence. I think this can be explained by the methods adopted by the land reform teams which followed in the wake of the Communist armies. They found the peasant villages bewildered, terrified and suspicious, and they had to establish friendliness and confidence. They did this by living with the poorest peasants, working with them in the fields, eating the same kind of food, and helping them in every way, so that gradually the villagers realised that the land reformers had come, not as enemies, but as friends.

Your readers may be interested in some figures for one of the villages that I visited. It had 633 families and a total population of 2,951. The village land amounted to 5,756 *mow* (one *mow* is one-sixth of an acre), and the average holding was 2.2 *mow*. Before Liberation there were 22 landlords, owning 2,888 *mow* or 36 per cent. of the land. There were 301 poor peasants whose average holding was .76 of a *mow*, and 173 middle peasants who owned 38 per cent. of the land. The history of the village was typical—a story of bullying, terrorism and tyranny by the landlords. After Liberation, the landlords, the bullies and bandits were driven out, and the land redivided by the Peasants' Association. 2,088 *mow* of land, 240 housing units, 25 carts, 225 agricultural implements and 4 ploughs had been confiscated. Twenty-two families of ex-landlords had been given an average of 2.2 *mow* of land. Eleven rich peasant families—a total of 198 persons—had 2.7 *mow* of land, 173 middle peasant families—2,765 persons—had 3.3 *mow* per person, and 410 poor peasant families—2,486 persons—now had an average of 1.25 *mow*.

The Peasants' Association had grown steadily to a total membership of 600. With a loan from the Government, more implements and animals had been bought, and production had been rising every year. The number of wells had increased to 32, the number of carts had risen from 49 to 81, and animals from 86 to 96. New houses had been built, and the villagers were able to buy clothes every year, whereas they formerly had gone in rags. The school had 234 pupils before Liberation, and now had 539, and there were a large number of adults who were learning to read and write the Chinese characters.

Much the same was true of the villages I saw near Hangchow and Canton. In all of them, the Peasants' Association was carrying on an active campaign for better techniques, more production, education, co-operation and a general raising of living standards.

What of the future? Peasant proprietorship is not Socialism and Communism, and if the standard of life of the Chinese peasant is to be substantially raised, modern methods of increasing productivity will have to be introduced. How would the Chinese villagers regard any attempt to introduce collective farming? The Chinese authorities say they have no reason to believe there will be large-scale resistance and a repetition of the Russian struggle with the Kulak. They believe that there are better ways of convincing conservative peasants than by force. At every University I visited, I was given impressive figures of the greatly increased numbers of students taking both the two-year and the four-year agricultural course, who will be the future leaders. There is no need to hurry, before the trained personnel is ready. I saw something of this training at a State farm outside Peking where a couple of hundred students were being taught to drive tractors and use better fertilisers and seed, and improve the breed of animals. There is no reason to assume that when these students go back to their villages with new knowledge and experience, which they can demonstrate to the peasants, that the Chinese villagers will not co-operate. For thousands of years, the Chinese peasant has been a slave and a drudge, not only to the landlord but to old customs and tradition. Now he has to learn how to use the machine, make new roads, use modern transport and understand new techniques. The landlords have gone, but the quieter and less dramatic revolution, which substitutes human co-operation for bitter toil and struggle, has yet to be won.

House of Commons. EMRYS HUGHES

BRITAIN'S HOMES

SIR,—As a rule, the writers of sensational articles on the housing problem slander only landlords. Basil Davidson, however, in his article in your issue of November 8, is not satisfied with this distinguishing characteristic of the irresponsible writer—he also slanders Glasgow Corporation Transport Department, the Department of the Medical Officer of Health and various unnamed officials. Does he think that such irresponsible writing serves any useful purpose?

We in Glasgow have a great housing problem—no one would dispute that statement for one moment, just as no one who knows anything about housing would dispute the statement that the country as a whole faces a grave housing problem. But the problem is not going to be helped in any way by Mr. Davidson's wild and unfounded charges that landlords live "in Clydeside respectability on the sweated sufferings of the destitute," and more inexcusable still, that "there are gangs of young men and not-so-young men who range the streets as landlords' bullies

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and beat and even murder those who resist extortion." Such slanders of landlords as a class may, of course, be made with impunity by Mr. Davidson, but it is surprising that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should have published them.

Space does not permit me to follow Mr. Davidson in his contradictions and in his appeals to prejudice. In any event these are the stock-in-trade of the propagandist, and, as such, may be ignored. Let me say, however, that if Mr. Davidson has in fact made any effort to examine the housing problem in Glasgow, he does not appear to have appreciated the obvious, namely, that the housing problem in Glasgow, as elsewhere, will not be solved unless steps are taken to ensure that existing houses are maintained in decent order and condition. The existing houses form the foundation of any sane and practical housing policy, and if that foundation is undermined because landlords are unable to maintain these houses, the result must inevitably be that existing houses will go out of use at a higher rate than new houses can be built. What then? Are people to live in tents or fields or caves in a few years' time? I am not concerned with slums—the sooner they are pulled down, the better. If it be the case, however, as Mr. Davidson so categorically states, that rents should never be paid for slum houses, who is to pay for maintaining them in as good a condition as possible until they can be pulled down and replaced by new houses? The last thing we want in this city is to increase the large number of houses which have been abandoned by owners because they cannot afford to maintain them. No matter how bad a house may be, it must necessarily become much worse if the landlord abandons it and the tenants, in Mr. Davidson's picturesque language "are left to get together with their houses." But I am concerned with some 200,000 good houses in Glasgow which can still be saved and given a useful life of many years if properly maintained.

Landlords cannot maintain these houses out of pre-war rents. To-day, repairs cost at least three times as much as in 1939 and even if a landlord, after meeting inescapable charges, spends the last penny of rents on repairs, he cannot carry out one-third of the 1939 volume of repairs. In this situation the decent house of to-day becomes the slum of to-morrow.

Mr. Davidson, of course, states that "landlords have a case when they argue that the rents they receive are too small to enable them to spend money on repairs; and the strength of this case is repeatedly shown by the large number of 'abandoned houses' in central Glasgow." It is, however, quite clear from the general tenor of the article that Mr. Davidson does not realise that the pre-war rent charged by landlords is the crux of the problem, and that if the stranglehold applied to house-owners in 1939 is maintained for two or three years more, the whole country will become a gigantic slum.

R. MURRAY MACGREGOR
Secretary
The Property Owners and Factors Association, Glasgow, Ltd., 35 Bath Street, Glasgow, C.2.

[Mr. Davidson's article described actual conditions in the slum areas of Glasgow. Mr. MacGregor and the property owners for whom he speaks are rightly concerned lest further tracts of the city fall into a similar state. One of the factors, as we ourselves have stressed in previous articles, is that property owners cannot always afford essential repairs to homes controlled at uneconomic rents. But the need to face this problem does not absolve society from dealing with the question of the slums, which Mr. MacGregor ignores. In short, Mr. MacGregor is attacking Mr. Davidson for denouncing conditions which Mr. MacGregor is himself not defending.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MALAYAN JUSTICE

SIR,—For some weeks now the case of Lee Ten Tai or Lee Meng, has been under appeal and has therefore been *sub judice*. Now that the appeal has been dismissed, it is possible to put the disturbing facts before your readers.

This Chinese girl was charged under Malaya's Emergency Regulations with unlawful possession of a hand grenade, and this was the evidence against her. Seven Chinese and one Tamil terrorist, who had surrendered, said that they had often seen her in terrorist camps carrying a grenade. One Chinese woman, who was not a terrorist, but who had spent several days in a terrorist camp before being rescued by our security forces, picked her out at an identity parade. So did an Asian police inspector. And photographs seized in a terrorist camp showed the girl in terrorist uniform carrying a rifle, and in one case a grenade.

In defence Lee Meng denied she had ever been a terrorist; said that the photographs were not of her, and declared that at the relevant time—1948 to 1950—she had been in Singapore. She called no witnesses and did not give evidence on oath.

She was tried under the Malayan Criminal Procedure Code, by a judge sitting with two assessors; one a Chinese and the other an Indian. The assessors thought her innocent. The judge thought her guilty. So the judge ordered a new trial.

At this trial the composition of the assessors was different. The Indian was replaced by a European. This time the assessors were divided, one thinking the girl guilty, the other thinking her innocent. So the judge sentenced her to death.

The death penalty is at present mandatory for the offence with which the girl was found guilty.

Now I am officially informed that the assessor system which has produced this disturbing result is a compromise between trial by a judge alone and trial by jury, and that Malaya is not yet ready for the latter, owing to a shortage of suitable jurors with a sufficient knowledge of English and a sufficient degree of public responsibility. (The first of these disabilities might well have been suffered by Lee Meng and may explain her inability to conduct her case more expertly.)

The assessors are not as powerful as a jury, but on the other hand their function is not merely advisory: for before the court can give a verdict, the judge must be in agreement with at least one of the assessors.

Apart from the general repugnance that there is in this country against executing women, this case raises some very serious points. Obviously the whole charge against Lee Meng turns on whether certain witnesses should be believed when they said they recognised her and had seen her carrying a grenade. Cases of mistaken identity are not unknown in this country and courts go to great trouble to guard against them. The original assessors were clearly not satisfied with the evidence against the girl, and it is therefore disturbing that the judge should have over-ruled their unanimous view.

If Lee Meng had first been tried by a court martial she would have been acquitted, for the verdict of death in such trials has to be unanimous.

Instead, she has been convicted under the Emergency Regulations in a manner which I submit is not likely to convince Malayans that our judicial system is the best in the world. The interests of British justice will be best served if General Templer will do what Lord Mountbatten did in December, 1945, when a similar case arose under his military government and when the assessors disagreed twice with the judge. The Supremo pardoned the prisoner.

House of Commons. L. A. PLUMMER

ARTISTS' INCOME

SIR,—I agree with Stephen Potter's conclusions about an artist's income, but his calculations are partly misleading. I am sure that every artist would consider the price of £17 for a frame extravagant. £5 or £6 would be a fair average price.

May I suggest a more common sense approach? Starting from an average price for a medium-size painting of £40, you must deduct £13 for commission, £5 for a frame and £2 for materials, which leaves the artist with approximately £20. From this amount rent, electricity, heating and travel expenses, etc., have to be deducted, which means at least another £5, with the result that out of £40 the artist gets perhaps £15. To earn as much as an unskilled labourer the artist has to sell every year at least 20 paintings at £40, which, alas not many artists do, certainly not regularly. No wonder that the artist has to depend on teaching or commercial work or both, which often means a waste of time and creative energy. FRED UHLMAN

47 Downshire Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3.

MAU MAU

SIR,—The letter which I wrote to you about Mau Mau contained the following sentence: "All the coastal members of the Kenya Legislative Council, with one exception, protested against the decision to apply emergency measures to their constituencies." Unfortunately the word "coastal" was omitted when the letter appeared in your columns last week.

House of Commons. GEORGE WIGG

[We regret this slip, which was, of course, a printer's error.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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Books in General

It occasionally happens that book-reviewers' standards are made ridiculous by the appearance of a work of art of permanent value. I am thus embarrassed for want of honest words in which to convey this judgment of David Jones's *Anathemata.** David Jones as a painter is like no one else; no other painter can project, as he does, into a portrait, or a landscape, or a still life, what I can only describe as a sacramental quality. From the foliage of his enchanted woods emerge queens, crowned deer, birds that like the Albatross are more than birds; a solitary tree is "Roland's Tree," a portrait of a woman is not of a woman only, but of "Petra as Flora." How he conveys so much allusion and symbolic depth in painting in no sense literary it is hard to say. "If one is making a painting of daffodils, what is *not* instantly involved? Will it make any difference whether or no we have heard of Persephone, or Flora, or Bloduedd?" By whatever names, David Jones knows how to invoke those gods that transmute temporal into eternal creatures. As a writer, and also completely within the technical frontiers of the medium, he conveys the same translucence.

His first book, *In Parenthesis*, which is still not widely known, is one of the enduring works that came out of the first world war. It may be read as an autobiographical record of the author's experiences in the trenches, interrupted by verse incantations and excursions into allusive and legendary material. *Anathemata* is more obviously a poem, in the sense in which Pound's *Cantos* is a poem; and, having no widely shared narrative theme comparable to the war narrative of *In Parenthesis*, it is also a more difficult work, even with the footnotes that the author considerately provides. On the page it looks like the *Cantos*; the attention to spacing is not primarily a visual device (as in Mallarmé, for example) but meant to give, as in music, the right notation for the deliberate incantation of words to be read aloud. *Anathemata* is a poem to be spoken. Declaimed, as the author directs, "with deliberation," it sounds like the more lyrical passages of *Finnegan's Wake*, passing almost imperceptibly from heightened prose rhythms to organic patterns of rhyme and half-rhyme and alliteration, used with Welsh intricacy.

Both his books—like his paintings—have a thrice-distilled quality of finality and impersonality, like Gothic stone-carving or the paintings on the walls of the Lascaux caves. (They are religious in the same way also, but not otherwise.) Both are the work, not of weeks and months, but of years. There is a quality in such long-pondered works that is strange to us, accustomed as we are to more hasty and *ad hoc* composition, and we owe it to such an author to take time to re-read his phrases wrought with so much deliberation. *Anathemata* is the product of twelve years' work, and is now presented as a portion only of a work in progress.

> When the workman is dead the only thing that will matter is the work, objectively considered. Moreover, the workman must be dead to himself while engaged upon the work, otherwise we have that sort of "self-expression".

* *The Anathemata*. By David Jones. *Faber*. 25*s*.

which is as undesirable in the painter or the writer as in the carpenter, the cantor, the half-back, or the cook. Although all this is fairly clear in principle, I have not found it easy to apply in practice.

Mr. Jones's gentle understatement is the measure of his mastery; he has accomplished what few writers even attempt. While other writers have imitated the accidents of Joyce's style without sharing his historical reasons for adopting it, David Jones seems to me to be the only writer to have adopted Joyce's allusive method from the same historical sense as Joyce himself possessed. *Anathemata* is the proof, if proof were needed, that this allusive method of following back the "history-paths" is one proper to the time, and not a personal and unrepeatable *tour de force*.

The statement about avoiding self-expression might seem to be contradicted by the first words of the admirable preface (a piece of writing on poetry as fine as anything since *Yeats's Autobiographies*)—"I have made a heap of all I could find" (the quotation is from Nennius)—which might suggest a personal approach. The artist is writing about "one's own 'Thing'"; but

> this "*res*" is unavoidably part and parcel of the Western Christian *res* as inherited by a person whose perceptions are totally conditioned and limited by and dependent upon his being indigenous to this island. In this it is necessarily insular; within which insularity there are the further conditionings contingent upon his being a Londoner, of Welsh and English parentage, of Protestant upbringing, of Catholic subscription.

It will be seen that Mr. Jones's conception of tradition, and the place of the individual in that tradition, is akin to that of T. S. Eliot; yet with a difference, for the poet, according to David Jones, "must work within the limits of his love. There must be no mugging-up, no 'ought to know' or 'try to feel'; for only what is actually loved and known can be seen *sub specie aeternitatis*." David Jones's scholarship is the eclecticism of love, and as such is inimitable.

The word *Anathemata* means both something dedicated and something accursed, profane things made holy, and holy things fallen under a curse—for of such the human world and its "deposits" is made. The Christian *mythus* runs through the book; the figure of Christ-Taliessin travels towards the "unabiding omphalos" of time along the "green dryad-ways that lead to Taff and Taf," from the geological beginnings:

> As, down among the paleo-zoe
> he brights his ichthyic sign
> so brights he the middle-zone
> where the uterine forms
> are some beginnings of his creature.
> Brighter yet over the mammal'd Pliocene
> for these continuings
> Certainly must praise him;
> How else, in his good time
> should the amorous Silvy
> to her sweetest dear
> her fairest bosom have shown?
> How else we?
> Or he himself?

and so down to the beautiful concluding image:

> How else from the weathered mantle-rock
> and the dark humus spread
> (where is exacted the night labour
> where the essential and labouring worm
> saps micro-workings all the dark day long for
> his creatures of air)
> Should his barties grow
> who said
> I am your Bread?

Such is the paradox of our time that the more a poet draws on an objective tradition, the less on subjective experiences, the more obscure he will seem. It is important to realise that neither *The Waste Land*, the *Cantos*, nor even *Finnegan's Wake* is obscure to us chiefly because its author refers to some subjective and private world, but for the opposite reason. All these works assume a knowledge of a common fund of traditional culture, that few any longer in fact do possess. If *Lycidas* were to be published now, its allusions would not only be called obscure, but personal, and even perhaps "subjective." Anybody's dreams today are more likely to be understood than an allusion to Bede's or Caesar's histories of this island, or to the gods of the Druids, or to the Christian liturgy, for that matter. David Jones is acutely aware of these difficulties of communication, in this "late and complex phase of a phenomenally complex civilisation," aware that it may be almost too late to write poetry of this kind at all; but aware also that when language ceases to be allusive poetry becomes impoverished—poetry abhors "loppings-off" and "emptyings out" of meaning. But 'unshared backgrounds" make a Babel even among those who share the English language. David Jones's own backgrounds are likely to be shared wholly by very few readers; but it is equally unlikely that, among those who have any background at all, there will be no overlap. Those who have not the Catholic liturgy (itself a compression of historical material) may share the Welsh legends, or the Roman history. To pretend that David Jones uses the terms of reference familiar to Auden's average man of the rootless "new" world would be foolish; yet he is typical of all Englishmen who have any tradition at all, whether folk or learned, typical of the way in which all of us share some of our background with our neighbours, but seldom all. It is in such complex interweaving of strands of culture that remain distinct and local, that the peculiar poetic richness of England has lain. This blending of shared and unshared elements makes us mysterious, poetic, and always to some extent private beings even among our friends. One feels something of this national quality on returning from America, where a totally radio-conditioned culture has made deeper inroads than it has made in England hitherto, although, of course, we too have our "new" world. *Anathemata*, therefore, obscure as it may be, is a very English book, with its soundings (in the sense that Jacquetta Hawkes in *A Land* took soundings into our geological past) into the cultural deposits of our ancestors.

The tradition, of course, is broken beyond repair:

> Most of us now see that in the nineteenth century Western man moved across a Rubicon which, if as unseen as the 38th Parallel, seems to have been as definitive as the Styx. But it was not the memory-effacing Lethe that was crossed; and consequently, although man has found much to his liking, advantage and considerable wonderment, he has still retained ineradicable longings for, as it were, the farther shore.

Yet even in this late phase of our culture the "specific factor" to be captured by the poet will be "pungent with the smell of, asperged with the dew of" the "vast, densely wooded, inherited and entailed domains" of our cultural tradition. Normally, shared and effective symbols

> the flowers for the muse's garland would be gathered from the ancestral burial-mound—always and inevitably fecund ground, yielding perennial and familiar blossoms. . . . It becomes more and more difficult when the bulldozers have all but obliterated the mounds.

This is the situation, whether the poet be glad or sorry to break with the past. It is difficult to see how any poet could be glad; but if there is a criticism to be made of David Jones's work, it is that of a certain preciosity, inherited through Eric Gill and William Morris from the nostalgia of Victorian Gothic (including Newman and the Oxford Movement), a mistrust of the present as artistic material. There are no miners or mines in David Jones's Wales, and I miss in him some sense of wherein England's life is continuing, that I found, for example, in Humphrey Jennings's war films about Britain. His poem has a vanishing quality, as though tradition were a ghost that the author can evoke, but cannot hold.

KATHLEEN RAINE

TWO POEMS

TO MY DAUGHTER

Bright clasp of your whole hand around one finger
My daughter, as we walk together now.
All my life I'll feel a ring invisibly
Circle this place with shining: when you are grown
Far from today as your eyes are far today.

ONE FLESH

Here then
She lies,
Her hair a scroll along
The grooved ivory neck,
Her lips half-meeting on a smile,
Breath almost unbreathing
O life
A word this word my love upon the white
Linen pillow
As though I wrote her name out on this page.

My concentration
On her quietness
Magnifies, like whiteness from the lamp
Centred upon the ceiling. Here we
Are one.
Here where my waking walks upon her sleep
One within one
Where we meet hidden in the unborn child.

STEPHEN SPENDER

TWO EPIGRAMS

BEFORE DAWN

I heard an ancient sound: a cock that crew
In graying light as I lay warm in bed,
A long metallic cry of dung and dew
And the unearthly dead.

SUTTON-IN-MARISCO

Your trivial street of bright engrossing shops
Runs straight towards the boundless sea, and stops.
My trivial bright engrossing life descends
Straight to a boundless sea, and also ends.

FRANCES CORNFORD

CONSTANT'S OTHER NOVEL

Cécile. By BENJAMIN CONSTANT. Edited by ALFRED ROULIN. *Lehmann.* 9*s.*

That there existed a sequel to *Adolphe* was long alleged by students of the career of Benjamin Constant. Its title, they declared, was *Cécile*; and two of the writer's closest friends added that, whereas in *Adolphe* he had shown the disastrous effects of an unhallowed and ill-assorted passion, in its successor he had "set himself to depict happy and legitimate love," the "gentle and enduring peace" that he owed to his second marriage with the amiable Charlotte von Hardenberg. This assertion was a little perplexing, unless we were to suppose that he had completed his novel almost on his honeymoon, since his second alliance, like his first, soon ran into grave difficulties; and when the manuscript of his unfinished book, consisting of nineteen large double sheets and a single separate sheet, eventually came to light among the archives of his family, it proved to be neither a sequel nor a hymn in praise of married bliss. *Cécile*, now translated by Mr. Norman Cameron, is a brilliant but fragmentary self-portrait which bears far less resemblance to *Adolphe* than to the narrative of the *Cahier Rouge*. It is autobiography under a thin disguise: only the names of people and places have been altered to give it a fictitious air.

Most writers are demonstrably two men—the public and the private self: the self into whom the artist puts those aspects of his personality which he considers worthy of preservation and literary presentation, and the Sancho Panza or ignoble *doppelganger* who grumbles and grimaces in the other's footsteps. Often a treaty is at length arranged, and both selves are subordinated, with some degree of success, to the adult artist's master-plan. Constant, however, failed to achieve this feat. Indeed he seems positively to have loved and cherished—to have regarded at all events with a sort of wry affection—that side of his nature which did his credit greatest injury. Though he had high ambitions and romantic pretensions, there was an element in his make-up that repeatedly impelled him to play the fool — not as Boswell played it, in a mood of youthful exuberance, but with a mocking appreciation of the havoc he was bound to cause. He might yearn to be respectable and respected. But respectability was a burden he could not bring himself to shoulder. He had an instinctive aversion from being taken altogether seriously.

Than *Cécile* no one could have painted a more subtly damaging self-portrait. It is a study of selfish procrastination and tragi-comic irresolution. During the early months of 1793 he had made the acquaintance of an unhappily married woman named Charlotte von Hardenberg (for the purposes of his story, Cécile von Walterburg) and from that moment, for nearly fourteen years, he kept both himself and Charlotte in a perpetual state of agonised tension, debating first whether he should make love to her, afterwards (once she obtained a divorce) whether he ought to marry her and, having finally taken both steps, how to break the news to Madame de Staël. For he was still the slave of that astonishing personage. Life at Coppet might be an amorous inferno; but, no sooner had he entered her presence, than the spell began to work again.

Nevertheless he knew her for a fantastically exacting and extraordinarily exhausting mistress. Their nightly conferences were a prodigious feast of wit; but they were usually prolonged until the bleak approach of cock-crow; and he must marry (Constant had once announced) if only because it would enable him to get to bed at a reasonable hour! Cécile, he observed with relief, was patient, devoted and self-effacing. Year after year she continued to wait and hope; while Constant continued to prevaricate and, as he dallied and doubted, to analyse his hidden motives. In refusing to marry her, was he being quite so unselfish as occasionally he had wished to pretend? Madame de Staël was not poor Cécile's only enemy—"I have never been able," (Constant wrote) "to impress others in such a way as to prevent them from telling me things to which I should not listen"; and Madame de Chenevière (by whom he meant Madame de Charrière, Boswell's Zélide) also attempted to sway his decision: Though

> I thought I was being very strong-minded in resisting Cécile . . . the fact was that I was merely yielding to the influence of another woman who, without any particular object, but simply because of the secret mutual hatred between women, was taking pleasure in seeing me distress, and perhaps humiliate, a person whom she did not know.

To these hostile influences he generally succumbed. He would spend weeks without seeing Cécile. But then her pathetic letters would arouse his emotions or aggravate his sense of guilt, and he would agree to a hurried encounter, when they met resuming that "tone of tenderness," that "language of love," which "I have never been able to prevent myself from using with women—with the result that I would undo in a single visit all the good that might have been done by my absence." In short, he was an incurable philanderer, an inveterate sentimentalist. His heart would often "blossom out at the thought of at last making Cécile happy"; but its blossoms were regularly nipped by chilly breaths of doubt and suspicion. Incapable himself of adopting a resolute course, he would torture his victim with nervous interrogations as to whether she really knew her own mind. There was always a chance (he reflected) that they need not decide for themselves, but that the pressure of circumstances would somehow produce an inevitable decision. He could not quite bring himself to reject her proposals. "To adjourn my reply was to renounce her for ever. To accept was to engage myself to almost nothing, so many were the chances of her project's failing." If he lost her, he knew that he was certain to regret her. He "therefore surrendered to events," and made a virtue of drifting with the stream, hoping that one day it might propel him into some quiet harbour.

Thus he depicts himself—perverse, unscrupulous, dishonest: a thoroughly weak, at times a definitely cruel man, whose cruelty is strangely mixed with kindness, and whose weakness is accompanied by an extraordinary gift of insight. Having eventually made Cécile his mistress—urged thereto by "a sort of remorse" for the fatuity he had displayed in "having been loved by Cécile for thirteen years without having demanded and obtained irrefutable proofs of her love"—he experiences a "singular feeling" of repentance and shame that pursues him even in the midst of pleasure, as if he had robbed a blind mendicant or murdered a trusting and unsuspicious child. He loved her the more because she asked so little: "I felt aware of duties precisely because she did not seem to believe that I had any." But these considerations ceased to protect Cécile when her ferocious rival had resumed the hunt. If she followed him, he admitted, "all resistance would be impossible." And, when she rushed into the room and swooned at his feet, he immediately promised her the complete submission that she demanded. She was the terrible cross he had been doomed to bear. "She had been my life's tyrant, but she had also been its purpose . . ."

Cécile breaks off just before Constant's second marriage. The tyrant's attention was gradually diverted, and her slave was at length free to wed "the kind, gentle, angelic Cécile" who had suffered so excruciatingly and clung to him so obstinately. Beside *Adolphe*, the book resembles the rough draft of an unrealised masterpiece. But the same genius is perceptible throughout, and every page includes some exquisite flash of insight, some illuminating comment on the vagaries of the human heart. A remarkably intelligent, highly entertaining novel. Yet, even as one laughs, one very often winces. It would be an extremely insensitive or uncommonly self-satisfied reader who did not, now and then, cry "*Touché*!"

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

THE LAST TSARS

The Decline of Imperial Russia. By HUGH SETON-WATSON. *Methuen.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

Revolutions claim to break with the past; but, in a longer perspective, they are seen to continue it. De Tocqueville demonstrated long ago the continuity of French history despite the Revolution. Hugh Seton-Watson does not aspire to be the de Tocqueville of the Russian revolution; but his history of Imperial Russia in decline points in the same direction. His book was badly needed. Plenty of books, hagiographical or otherwise, trace the rise of Bolshevism; nowhere is there a competent analysis of the old Empire which fell into Lenin's hands. Professor Seton-Watson starts with the accession of Alexander II in 1855 and carries his account to the outbreak of the first world war. His work is not straight narrative, but a survey divided into three parts—the first age of reform, the period of reaction, and the years of the "last chances." The first means Alexander II, the second Alexander III; the third means the revolution of 1905 and its consequences rather than the feeble despotism of Nicholas II. In each section there is an analysis of the economic and social forces; then an account of political development; and finally a summary of foreign policy. This last subject is not effectively co-ordinated with the rest of the book. Foreign policy was not something detached from the country and the people even in the days of Imperial Russia; and it is an unsatisfactory device to tuck it away almost in an appendix. Moreover, in these sections, Mr. Seton-Watson has been content to rely on the work of others; and he gives the impression of looking at Russian foreign policy from the angle of Vienna, which was indeed his starting-point.

In the rest of the book, it is an advantage to have Russian history examined by one who was originally a Balkan expert and who still perhaps regards Russia as in essence the greatest of Balkan countries. Mr. Seton-Watson can put many things into proportion. He can find parallels elsewhere for Russia's agrarian problems; he can emphasise that Russia, too, is a multinational state, with the Russians themselves in the minority; and he can recognise that, if things had gone a little differently between 1858 and 1861 or even in 1905, Russia would have become embedded in Western civilisation instead of, as now, drifting away from it. Having wearied of the "Czech soul" and the "Rumanian soul" and the "Serb soul," he is not now anxious to discover a Russian soul; this is a great relief. Of course, there are things that pull Russia away from Europe—not the Byzantine tradition, manufactured by Professor Toynbee, but the simple geographic fact that Russia's back-door opens on to Asia. European pressure, from the wars of intervention to Hitler's invasion, compelled Russia to turn her back on Europe; and the inevitable result is to make her appear as a sort of Byzantine monster. But in the period before 1914 Russia was being pulled more and more into the European world; and here Professor Seton-Watson might have stressed more the economic developments that were tying Russia to the world-market. When Turkey closed the Straits to Russia in 1914, this cut her off from world trade and drove her, whether she would or no, to the policy of "Socialism in a single country." In the perspective of history, Bolshevism may well appear as nothing more than the economic consequence of the closing of the Straits.

But old Russia had one characteristic which distinguished her from the rest of Europe: she was a true autocracy. The Tsars ruled, and they ruled alone. There were influential ministers, but no ministry: no co-ordination of policy, no system of government. The Bolshevik revolution changed nothing of this: Stalin is a Tsar of medium competence, neither more nor less. Mr. Seton-Watson does well to emphasise this point. The Russian people are sensible and civilised; their economic system admirable. All is made barren by the disease of despotism, chronic in Russian history; and until the Russians discover the secret of political liberty they will be a great nuisance to the rest of us. A. J. P. TAYLOR

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ECONOMISTS' ESSAYS

Essays in Economics. By A. C. PIGOU. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Utility And All That. By D. H. ROBERTSON. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

Economic Essays. By R. F. HARROD. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

Professor Pigou's essays are not only intelligible to laymen, but they may even be understood by newspaper editors, such is the simplicity of their approach. In his essay on newspaper reviews of economics books he says that he has turned to this subject because "it is a relief in the strain of war to think sometimes about trivialities," and he concludes the essay with these words:

> For effective reviewing of serious Chinese literature some acquaintance with the Chinese language is necessary. Newspaper editors understand this—and do not review serious Chinese literature. Some day perhaps a like compliment will be extended to serious works on economics!

Professor Pigou is at liberty to take the appearance of this review whichever way he pleases. What is so puzzling is how even in the stress of war this particular essay came to be published in the *Economic Journal*, which does not usually number triviality amongst its failings.

These essays are selected from amongst Professor Pigou's lighter writings, and he is not really happy on this level. He writes about current problems in everyday language, but he uses the same system for abstracting and isolating cases that it is customary and proper to find in a sophisticated piece of theoretical analysis. A good illustration of this was a recent article of his in the popular press, not reprinted here, on the subject of Britain's foreign trade problem, which began by asking his readers to assume that Britain's exports had fallen to zero.

Professor Robertson cannot conceal his extreme brilliance behind a becoming but irrelevant modesty. He begins a remarkable piece of exposition and criticism of recent work on welfare economies by economists who have employed mathematical and philosophical approaches to the subject, in these words: "These lectures are in the nature of an interim report by an idiot to his fellow idiots," and he goes on to poke some sly fun at the repellent aridity of their work and at their illiteracy on such occasions as they deign to express themselves in words rather than symbols. Thus, after stating a particular problem with his usual clarity he writes:

> If Samuelson likes to express the same point. . . by saying that the hyper-surface of a utility-feasibility function will lie inside that of the corresponding utility-possibility function, well, that is just fine; we all have our funny little ways of putting things.

Only the essay entitled "Some Notes on the Theory of Interest" is strictly speaking a piece of original work, but Professor Robertson cannot help it if his expository and critical writing is shot through with an originality of mind which he cannot suppress.

Some of the essays in Mr. Harrod's book date from the 1930's and though they are none the less interesting for that, one may regret, as one does with Professor Robertson, that he does not confine the employment of his mental energies to original work on economic theory. During the last few years we have heard a great deal of Mr. Harrod as an economic journalist and pamphleteer. There are plenty of people about who are able to do this sort of work, but it is quite possible that Mr. Harrod is one of the half-dozen people in this country capable of making great strides in economic territory which has hardly yet been explored. And as with Professor Pigou, Mr. Harrod's approach and habits of mind are really better suited to the stratospheric reaches of economics than to the analysis of current problems.

RICHARD WINTER

DEFINING AESTHETICS

Theory of Beauty. By HAROLD OSBORNE. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

The business of moral philosophy is not to make men good, but to make goodness intelligible. The business of aesthetics is not to make men produce beautiful things, or even to make them appreciate these things when they have been produced; it is to make beauty intelligible. Aesthetics does not satisfy the desire for beauty, or the creative impulse—only the barren desire to understand our experience; which is also a human passion. It must be confessed that up to now it has done remarkably little to satisfy that desire. There can be few branches of philosophy that have produced less satisfactory results, and Mr. Osborne not unfairly describes most aesthetic theory as a mixture of derivative philosophy and stale art criticism. So often, as he also says, the aesthetician either ascends to a private Valhalla of his own, unrelated to actual artistic experience; or ushers us into a building labelled with the sign of his trade, whose interior bears a suspicious similarity to the adjacent pavilions of moral philosophy, psychology or social science. This has not deterred Mr. Osborne from making his own attempt. I think anyone who reads his book carefully will find it a helpful one. The relative meagreness of its positive results is an incidental testimony of their genuineness. All-explaining theories of aesthetic experience commonly turn out to include too much bath-water; and we generally find that a good many of the relevant babies are missing. It is probable that there is not very much that can be positively said on the subject of beauty; and the best that can be done at present is to prevent us talking nonsense about it. I do not mean nonsense in the specialised logical-positivist's sense. That they have their bits of nonsense I don't doubt; neither, I am happy to say, does Mr. Osborne. He combines an acute and

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scrupulous critical attitude with a willingness to admit that an objective theory of beauty, one that does not reduce it to be a set of private sensations, is a possibility.

It would be difficult to summarise the argument of such a closely argued book, and perhaps the best that can be done is to show its general direction by picking out a few salient points. It is particularly good on method: in showing in advance what questions are being asked and in what terms they can be answered. It is also excellent on the critical side. The vague disquiet one has often felt before some contemporary aesthetic theories is clarified and made precise. It makes at the start some extremely useful distinctions; that, for instance, between "beauty" as a descriptive term, parallel with other descriptive terms such as "prettiness," "sublimity," "grace", and "beauty" as the key term in aesthetics, meaning "the proper excellence of a work of art," which need not include the descriptive sense at all. Some works of art have not and do not aspire to have the characteristics called "beautiful" in common speech—obvious enough when it is pointed out, but a distinction that in general is hardly observed by anyone.

Mr. Osborne does a great deal of valuable jungle-clearing of this kind. In his constructive contribution he is far better on the visual arts, which are obviously the source of his own most vivid aesthetic experiences, than on the others. He inclines to an answer like that of Roger Fry and Clive Bell—that beauty is an objective structural property, something like their "significant form," having certain qualities of harmony, complexity and organic completeness, quite divorced from any objects represented or the associations that they evoke. This is not new; where Mr. Osborne scores over his predecessors is in arriving at this point by a much more thorough and rigorous examination of all the other possibilities. After following his argument one is forced to the conclusion that this, if not the whole truth, is a very important part of it. As for the appreciation of beauty, he is not ill-disposed to the Fry-Bell view of a pure aesthetic emotion; except that he thinks it can be analysed into a general, non-utilitarian heightening of our sensibilities, recognised by us as valuable in the same way as other heightenings of our powers, without reference to the uses to which they can be put.

It is on literature that Mr. Osborne seems least adequate. Here, after all, the actual material is words that refer inevitably to human emotions and experiences. If we make the criterion of proper excellence a purely structural property, human experience is left out. This means that we either leave out most of what most people think literature to be about; or that we are driven to set up a double scale and measure literary works separately for their "beauty" and their "greatness"—or something of that sort—which is very unsatisfactory: but I don't know that anybody has found the answer to this one. A difficulty about aesthetic theory is that the writer is largely at the mercy of his own aesthetic experience, and we cannot all be equally good at everything.

This book is not easy reading; it could not reasonably be so, for it is not an easy subject. But it is written with a continuous clarity that sometimes reaches brilliance. And both the critic and the general amateur of the arts can place it among the few books on this subject that will decrease rather than add to their perplexities.

GRAHAM HOUGH

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The Dark Saviour. By ROBERT HARLING. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.
Why Waterloo? By A. P. HERBERT. *Methuen.* 15s.

Two cities—Madrid and Paris. Two novels, one bustling and sociable and prolix, a high-pitched Spanish tragi-comedy, the other a book of strange and terrible beauty. Charles-Louis Philippe has long been neglected in this country. He was born a peasant in 1874 and he died at the age of thirty-five, having written some half-dozen novels, of which the semi-autobiographical *Bubu* is the best known. This tale of pimps and prostitutes and provincial young men adrift in the great city is scarcely a hundred pages long. Every line, every phrase of conversation, tells perfectly.

Philippe couched the grimmest, the most precise realism of subject in a mood of lyrical intensity. Couched, not projected; as Mr. Eliot has written, he had

> the ability to think, not to generalise. To be able to select, out of personal experience, what is really significant, to be able not to corrupt it by after-thoughts, is as rare as imaginative invention . . .

The wish to project experience, to orchestrate it, to give it a retrospective veneer, is a death-trap for any writer who attempts to uncover the human abyss. In this connection, it is interesting to compare Philippe and M. Genet. That staggering but strangely unmoving book *Journal du Voleur* sets out to do nothing less than create a state of sustained ecstasy out of extreme physical and moral degradation. Yet, for all his dithyrambs and infernal machinery, M. Genet's essence remains strangely enclosed. *Bubu*, through its simplicity, its purity of form and texture, its very *netteté*, contrives to wring our hearts.

Bubu is pre-eminently a novel of the satanic boulevards, a gloss on Baudelaire's

Fourmillante cité, cité pleine de rêves
Où le spectre en plein jour raccroche les passants

Here poverty and crime are only attendant spectres: the major spectre is syphilis. We tend today to forget the way in which that disease haunted the lives of the men and women of the nineteenth century. In a tender but terrifying sequence, Philippe paints the stations of the pox—the flowering of lust, the horror of recognition, the agony and remorse of the young girl Berthe and her lover, Pierre. Only Bubu the *maquereau* attempts to brazen his fears out on absinthe and comradeship:

> Each paid his round and they got up. It was four o'clock. They went down the Avenue du Maine, walking slowly, staring with the boldness of bullies, their hands clasped behind their backs . . . they were in their own quarter which they knew like a part of themselves and over which they possessed certain rights.
>
> . . . Then he recovered all his faith . . . He drew himself up, puffed out his chest, and stamped his heels, feeling himself, from head to foot, Bubu of Montparnasse. Grand Jules beside him went his way, silent and full of glory, like an army on the march.

"To me," Mr. Eliot writes, "*Bubu* stood for Paris as some of Dickens's novels stood for London." The savage *ouan! ouan!* of the passing trams, the evening breeze swirling along the Seine, the sky and the quays shining with a "modest radiance"—Philippe put the whole bitter-sweet essence of the city he knew so well into this short, haunting and almost perfect book.

From the crepuscular boulevards to the harsh sunlight of the Puerta del Sol. I have not read *The Spendthrifts*—the sequel to *Torment*—but, judging by the latter's blurb, its translation has caused Galdós to be compared to Balzac, Dostoevsky and the rest. *Torment* contains not a hint of the great Russian; its only resemblance to the *Comédie Humaine* lies in several carefully-wrought descriptions of threadbare furniture. Judging by Mr. J. M. Cohen's translation, so full of irritating modern whimsy (Mr. Lawrence Vail's *Bubu* is flawless), Galdós was a provincial writer. (Or is it perhaps that Paris 1817 was a more exciting place than Madrid 1867?) This story of a poor relation, a soiled Cinderella named Amparo, seems unnecessarily drawn-out. It conveys the languor of a society in which private life is conducted at a snail's pace behind grilles. A jangling, fussy, diverting book, less interesting as a work of art than as providing a glimpse of an unfamiliar, vanished world.

I enjoyed Mr. Harling's *The Paper Palace* very much when it first appeared and was not surprised to find its successor even better entertainment. his wry, nosey special correspondent is hot on the trail again; this time he is tracking down a fellow-travelling Negro messiah who is aiming at a *coup d'Etat* in a West Indian colony. The book begins excitingly, becomes becalmed with the arrival of a Press Lord's daughter-in law—this poor-little-rich-girl is Mr. Harling's only dull character—and comes into the straight with a flourish in the last hundred pages. Mr. Harling has pruned the rather faked Raymond Chandlerisms that marred his earlier book; even his tough Fleet Street mystique is in abeyance. A shapely, intelligent political thriller.

Sir Alan Herbert's reconstruction of Napoleon's ten months on Elba is not strictly fiction, yet it is hardly history and it certainly reads as excitingly as a good historical novel. In his great book, *Napoleon For and Against*, the Dutch scholar Professor Geyl demonstrated the way in which three generations of French historians have white-washed Bonaparte. Sir Alan's book, like Lord Rosebery's, is a chivalrous attempt at an *amende honorable* on behalf of perfidious Albion. Without having read a twentieth of the authorities whose works he distils so racily and so agreeably, it seems to me that Sir Alan has taken a novelist's licence with his subject. Was Boney really such a charmer? And Sir Alan is surely extremely hard on the Emperor's British captor, Colonel Campbell, whose plain straightforward narrative hardly bears the sinister interpretation he places on it. One remembers John Sedley's outburst to Captain Dobbin:

> "Look what the funds were on the 1st of March—what the French fives were when I bought for the account. And what they're at now. Where was the English Commissioner who allowed him

to get away? He ought to be shot, sir—brought to a court-martial, and shot, by Jove!"

If it were possible to court-martial a man on charges of pomposity and cold-heartedness I have no doubt that Sir Alan would have clapped hands on the Colonel at once.

JOHN RAYMOND

DEHYDRATED HISTORY

The Shorter Cambridge Medieval History. By C. W. PREVITÉ-ORTON. *Cambridge.* 55*s.*

The Cambridge histories have too often been judged by the pronouncements of their planners and not by their contents. Acton, who planned the *Modern History*, instructed his contributors so to write "that nobody can tell, without examining the list of authors, where the Bishop of Oxford laid down the pen, and whether Fairbairn or Gasquet, Liebermann or Harrison took it up." Bury, who planned the *Medieval History*, laid it down that history was a science, "nothing more, nothing less." It was naturally supposed that co-operative history, composed in accordance with these austere prescriptions, must be unreadable. Professor Trevelyan has alleged that the *Cambridge Modern History* was bought by the yard merely to decorate bookshelves. Professor Toynbee has held that the Cambridge histories were a product of the industrialisation of historical thought and suggested that their editors would be remembered among the famous western engineers.

But the histories were not unreadable tomes, massive monuments to a mistaken theory. The late Professor Previté-Orton, who took part in editing six of the eight volumes of the *Medieval History*, was not an engineer transforming the whole mode of production in historical scholarship but merely a reserved scholar and an immensely patient and conscientious editor. Pirenne, Clapham, Eileen Power and Sir Maurice Powicke were not colourless contributors content to sacrifice their views and style to the cult of impartiality. There are many valid objections to the *Medieval History*: its planning is awkward; it contains too many chapters of crowded narrative; and its bibliographies are no compensation for the absence of notes. But its editors did mobilise the resources of international scholarship and did not impose narrow limits on the operations of their contributors. If some scholars were content to dig in behind existing frontiers of knowledge, many others conducted enterprising campaigns and described them in despatches of distinction.

It is very difficult to understand why the notion of abbreviating these volumes should have occurred to Previté-Orton or to the Cambridge Press. The original work was intended partly for the general reader, partly for the student and partly as a work of reference; and it largely achieved these last two intentions. Since the present work in two volumes omits bibliographies and any discussion of the evidence it cannot replace the larger work for the student or in the reference library. Will then the general reader now find his wants met in a work which outlines the main movements firmly and intelligibly and selects the telling details? Will he, for example, be enlightened or stimulated by the statement that—

> The final result was a treaty with the Emperor John Zimiskes, which gave a Byzantine princess, Theophano, daughter of Romanus II, to be the wife (972) of Otto II, the Western Emperor's surviving son by Adelaide, whom he had associated with himself (967) as co-regent Emperor, while Liudolf's son, also named Otto, was given Swabia by his uncle.

Will his formerly uncertain grasp of Scandinavian politics in the fourteenth century be made firm and sure when he reads that—

> In 1355 one son of Magnus, Haakon VI (1355-80), took over Norway; egged on by a faction and aided by the "fox of foxes", Duke Albert of Mecklenburg, the husband of his aunt, who already controlled the herring-staples of Scania, for the moment a Swedish possession, the elder son, Eric XII, revolted and obtained a share of Sweden.

And will he appreciate the compliment to his philological curiosity when told of the Scandinavian adventurers in Russia that "Their leader was the legendary Ruril (Hraerekr) who became Prince (Sw. *konung*, Old Slav. *kundesi*, whence Russian *knyaz*') of Novgorod on Lake Lagoda"? Perhaps; but he is more likely to echo the verdict of J. R. Green on a deservedly forgotten work: "The facts are there, and the dates are there, but the history isn't . . . it is this sort of dry rattle of names and dates that sets boys against history." It is indeed no longer possible to tell who originally wrote what; and it is very difficult to detect any obvious partiality for causes, personalities or explanations. But it would be unfair to Acton to suggest that his original programme has at last been fulfilled, and unfair to Previté-Orton, who did so much for the big *Medieval History*, to suggest that these two volumes distil, as the publishers put it, the essence of the eight.

J. O. PRESTWICH

MIDDLE EAST SURVEY

Caravan: The Story of the Middle East. By CARLETON S. COON. *Cape.* 28*s.*

The Suez Canal in World Affairs. By HUGH J. SCHONFIELD. *Constellation Books.* 15*s.*

In the Middle East the caravan is no longer as noticeable as the bulbous American motor-car, but nevertheless, Professor Coon, an American anthropologist, has chosen this name for his book, out of regard, he says, both for history and for picturesqueness. Still more regard for history would have saved him from a rather unsuitable choice of area to be covered by his survey. The string of countries from Tangier to Afghanistan is, it is true, largely Muslim, but the countries correspond neither to Islam—since Turkey and Pakistan are omitted—nor to the Arab world—since Persia and Afghanistan are included. Nor do they make up the strategic and political unit on which British war-time administration conferred the name "Middle East". The point is important, because the author speaks throughout of the Middle East as of a closely knit cultural entity, even while he admits its diversity. He generalises from such particulars as Fez, in Morocco, quoted as a typical "Middle Eastern" city; or from Khunik Pai Godar, a Persian village of fifty houses on the Afghan border, which has been subjected to detailed anthropological study. The result is confusing, and a survey which makes such unhesitating use of comparative method would have been better based on more careful geography.

But with all this Professor Coon has managed to make a real addition to the literature of an area which has in recent years occasioned a few good books and many bad ones. He has assembled a large amount of fascinating detail, much of it derived from personal observation, and presented it in an efficient and on the whole economical style. Occasionally, the reader is irritated by a facile type of generalisation, too often associated with some forms of social science, which thinks to explain by explaining away. "Anthropologically speaking" says Professor Coon,

> the pilgrimage [to Mecca] is one of a whole galaxy of phenomena which seem to satisfy the human need for periodic, large-scale interaction between widely scattered peoples in terms of a continuity with the mytho-historical past.

Most readers will feel that they could have given a simpler, better-sounding, and no less scientific definition of the pilgrimage. Against this Professor Coon gives us an illuminating analysis of the pressure towards American cultural uniformity and contrasts this with the systematic differentiation of individuals and groups in Islam. He explains the contrast in terms of the economic needs of the two societies. Generally it is the traditional Islamic communities which interest Professor Coon, and his book seems largely to ignore the process of Westernisation which has caused such changes during the past 150 years in the Middle East and North Africa as to dominate every other aspect of their life for most observers. There is a business-like bibliography and glossary and the book contains several maps.

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In *The Suez Canal in World Affairs* Mr. Schonfield has provided for the specialist and the general reader a further monograph on a subject which he has made his own. This new book is up to date, concise, and without serious omissions. It does not rise above the level of journalism, but it is readable, and does not let the professional user down. The appendices, which give most of the essential documents and figures, could well have included some particulars to the share quotations of the Suez Canal Company at different times. The final chapter, in which the writer firmly takes sides in the Anglo-Egyptian dispute, reads oddly in the context of what is essentially a factual account and a work of reference.

CHRISTOPHER HOLME

SHORTER REVIEWS

Henry James. By MICHAEL SWAN. *Barker.* 7s. 6d.

In both scope and method this book challenges comparison with Miss Rebecca West's, published in 1916. Mr. Swan has many advantages. James's work has been abundantly debated of recent years; his position has been established; but there is enough of critical disagreement to maintain a certain liveliness in the field. Moreover there are far more facts available. Mr. Swan is able to cite the *Notebooks* effectively, and is at his best in his use of James's correspondence—an important grace, since Lubbock's edition is now not easy to pick up.

But it is perhaps particularly true of small books on big people that sustained accuracy and a pleasing style are essential to success. Here Mr. Swan, unlike Miss West, falls down. His writing shows signs of haste. On *The Golden Bowl* he repeats verbatim a good deal that he has recently printed elsewhere. At the same time he contrives ten references to a "Prince Almerigo," a carelessness that it is difficult to reconcile with any recollection of the basic symbolism of the book. It would, indeed, be no less odd to refer, again and again, to Mr. Verver's connection with "Almerican City." And when we read of the same novel that "beneath all the complicated overtones of the situation there is again the old superstructure of the Europe-America relationship" we must wonder how Henry James would have cared to be celebrated in such slapdash English.

Cloth, cr. 8vo. Price 12s. 6d.

ON THE PRAYER OF JESUS

FROM THE ASCETIC ESSAYS OF
BISHOP IGNATIUS BRIANCHANINOV

TRANSLATED BY
FATHER LAZARUS

INTRODUCTION BY
ALEXANDER d'AGAPEYEFF

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The Record Year. By EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST and DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR. *Collins.* 18s.

One wonders when Messrs Sackville West and Shawe-Taylor ever get any sleep at all. *The Record Year* is a supplement of nearly 400 pages to their 763-page *Record Guide* published last year. It makes gay reading, infuriating reading and sad reading; occasionally you can agree with their marginal comments, frequently not, and the sadness is something which anybody will experience who notices the authors' obituary columns—the list of records we have cherished for years, but which are now deleted and therefore denied to a younger generation. But the whole business of this supplement is so comprehensive, so industriously and lovingly put together and, above all, such easy reading for those of us who can no longer afford a new record that it disarms petulant criticism. In any case, one has long been aware of the authors' taste in music by experience of their individual writings elsewhere. Their opinions in this book, therefore, hardly come as a surprise. *The Record Year* saves the reader a great deal of research, and it is extremely helpful and thoughtful of the compilers to publish in full details of the H.M.V. Archive Series, and also to tell us that some recordings we feared were lost for good and all are still available to special order. But even so the deletions, set down so clearly, should bring a blush to the cheeks of some gramophone companies. Why, particularly this year, is there no longer any complete recording of *Norma*?

If there is one serious complaint to be made it is that in the course of the authors' two volumes there is only a passing mention of Toscanini's recording of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. No catalogue number is given because, it seems, the authors do not hold with the technical quality of the recording. Even if you play these records with a bent pin on an acoustic portable they are still a unique affair, for they are records of an immortal performance. Nobody has ever complained of the quality of pre-electric recordings made by Caruso and Ysaye; certainly Toscanini's electrical version of the Seventh is just as much a part of musical history. The authors overdo this question of recording quality, so for the information of the less particular the Toscanini Seventh is HMV/DB 2986-90.

George Douglas Brown. By JAMES VEITCH. *Herbert Jenkins.* 15s.

George Douglas Brown, who was born out of wedlock in Ochiltree in Ayrshire in 1869, and died of tuberculosis in London in 1902, is remembered as the author of *The House with the Green Shutters*, a novel of great power which is of quite peculiar interest to all students of Scottish character and literature. His early career was that of a Permanent Under-Secretary, or an Indian Judge in the making—inspiration from an able dominie who was also a generous patron, a high place in the Bursary Competition, Gold Medallist, Scott Scholar and Eglinton Fellow of Glasgow University, Snell Exhibitioner to Balliol. But Brown was the Permanent-Secretary who went wrong; nervy, tough, yet frequently ill, he worked like a madman in fits and starts, got a Third, took to Grub Street, and nursed a bastard's creative obsession with the cruelties and love of his native place.

No adequate biography of this extremely interesting man, and fascinating case of the artist, has been written, and Mr. Veitch's, although informative and painstaking, hardly fills the bill. Mr Veitch's insight is not profound, his style appears to crave the adjective "sonsie," and he is painfully expert in the biographical equivalent of the telephone interview—"'Hell ay', Brown reflected darkly," . . . "his dark eyes narrowed suspiciously", etc. Mr. Walter Elliot's Introduction gives a tantalising glimpse of what this biography might have been

The Arabs and the West. By CLARE HOLLINGWORTH. *Methuen.* 21s.

When an Arab says "the war," he means the Palestine war, and a virtue of this book is that, by its arrangement, it draws attention to this little-known fact; it is divided into three parts that cover the background, the war, and its aftermath. Miss Hollingworth is a practised journalist and is at her best when reporting events she witnessed, chiefly in Egypt and Palestine, between 1940 and 1950; she conjures up an accurate picture of Arab greed for gain overcoming good Arab intentions, and of sickening riches in the midst of poverty and social despair. Her vigorous style lends itself to exciting accounts of scenes such as the near-abdication of King Farouk under British pressure in 1942, and the Jewish bomb outrage at the King David Hotel. It is less suited to the analyses she attempts in her third and last part, for it leads her into gross overstatement.

Once she has left the tramline of chronology and is plunging about among topics such as oil and Communism, an apparent liking for sensation causes an outbreak of sweeping assertions that are not proven by her facts, and absolute judgments that time is already rendering rash. One especially unfortunate page asserts that "only this could stem the relentless march of Communism"—"this" being "a renewal of foreign-Western tutelage." It goes on to specify the methods, the amount of reforming zeal and the time that the process would require, whereas "it is doubtful if the situation will wait ten months." Writing of this kind ignores realities such as American—and nowadays British—aversion to interference, and the likelihood, long apparent in Syria, that an officer class will try to copy Ataturk rather than go under. It also ignores the hard fact that Communism has never yet won power except in states whose established social framework has first been smashed or shaken by a foreign invader.

A Hundred Years of Education. By A. D. C. PETERSON. *Duckworth.* 21s.

The most obvious change that has overtaken education in the last hundred years is that there is now far more of it—and in a greater variety of forms. This makes the task of surveying it in a medium sized book primarily one of selection. Mr. Peterson recently left a Shropshire grammar school to become the head of information services in Malaya, and some of the qualities of mind that fit him for that post are shown in this book. He gets to the root of a matter with a firmness of argument and economy of phrase by no means common in educational writing.

He has confined himself almost entirely to England, France, Germany and the United States, the last receiving very bare treatment; he has chosen the chief conflicts of interest or opinion which have brought about educational changes in these countries—Church *v.* State, local *v.* central government, modernists *v.* traditionalists; and he has treated separately other topics like the education of women, universities, adult education, the training of teachers and educational psychology. He is a fair and level-headed guide with a sound judgment of what is important, who can be simple when he simplifies and confines his fads and caustic asides to the footnotes. The result is not a history. The religious tussle, for instance that attended the birth and infancy of the English public system, is intelligibly described, but the facts are not present from which the reader might form his own judgment. This is a book of arguments, not events.

In the Tracks of Crime. Edited by HENRY F. T. RHODES. *Turnstile.* 12s. 6d.

Interest in Mr. Rhodes's subject can be taken for granted. The gloomy war between society and its criminal members is only too firmly established in the modern imagination and in the most popular arts. An age, of course, which is painfully aware of social sickness is naturally more concerned with these matters than ages which could loyally lay all manifestations of evil at the devil's door.

Mr. Rhodes has compiled a curious scrap-book, duly ordered and annotated, a miniature physiology of the world of crime, detection and punishment, which is designed to reflect the complex and ill-defined

modern science of criminology. Methods of detecting forgery, the odd history of finger-print identification, a Sherlock Holmes short story, *The Times* account of the Vera Page inquest and many equally varied exhibition pieces have been assembled. Many times and countries have been drawn upon—room has been found for a mid-nineteenth-century execution in Spain, for Mr. Ross Williamson's hypothesis that Becket's was a ritual death and for the speech of a Rumanian prosecutor in a trial in 1950. It will be regretted that Mr. Rhodes has not invariably given the date of publication of his extracts. The choice of material is lively, including expert evidence to the effect that crime *does* pay, at least in the United States. Some of the items are grimly amusing—notably Lord Justice Eskgrove's sentence of death passed on a man who had killed a soldier and aggravated the crime by damaging the regimental breeches of the victim, "Which said breeches were the property of His Majesty the King."

Freshwater Tropical Aquarium Fishes. By G. F. Hervey and J. Hems. *Batchworth.* 40s.

For anyone wishing to keep or curious about tropical fish there has hitherto been one book: *Exotic Aquarium Fishes* by W. T. Innes. Published in Philadelphia, it sells here (in the latest edition) at about 72s. 6d. At a little more than half that price Messrs. Hervey and Hems set out to cover the same ground. They have the advantage in most ways. They can build on Innes (and covertly sneer at him), they have later and sometimes fuller knowledge (about fish diseases, for example), they arrange more clearly, they refer more, they write better. It is a pity, perhaps, that with so much to their credit they should seem at moments to fancy less fish than themselves.

The book is divided into two sections. The first, after a brief glance into the history of tropical fish keeping, offers a guide which should enable us to set up an aquarium, buy the fish of our choice, feed and successfully breed them. Admirably practical, most of it; though the instruction on page 56 to "stun an earthworm" may lead earnest humanitarians into the realm of Alice's croquet-playing. The second and larger part is the Catalogue of Freshwater Fishes, very well and clearly annotated, and probably the best of its kind today. Not all its detail, of course, is first-hand, but often the sources of information are given; for example, in the case of the Bumble Bee fish—that delightful yellow-and-black banded tumbler from Malay—of which little is known here. Where *Freshwater Tropical Aquarium Fishes* chiefly falls short is in its illustrations. Ideally these should be all in colour, with an illustration of each fish. At the price this is obviously out of the question. A few composite colour plates, many half-tone plates and line drawings in the text help to make identification as easy and certain as possible. One irritation that should be removed from future editions is an index of popular names that only refers to another index.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,187

Set by Edward Blishen.

"Can any of your readers tell me the derivation of this quaint name?" is a familiar cry in the Sunday press. The usual prizes are offered for a Letter to the Editor responding, in a suitable spirit of inspired unlikelihood, to an inquiry about the derivation of one of the following: The Royal Academy, Chatham House, the Café Royal, King's Cross, The Old Vic, the Athenaeum, the Home Office, the Tate Gallery and the Angel. Limit 150 words. Entries by December 2.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,184

Set by Richard Lister

The Times, in a recent Fourth Leader, was surprised to see our art critic drawing a metaphor from so hearty a pursuit as duck shooting. We believe we can do better than that and competitors are invited to write an extract from a critique of either a decisive hole in a Silver King Tournament or the winning try in a Varsity rugger match, in the style of any of our Arts and Entertainment critics. Limit 150 words.

Report by Richard Lister

Too many competitors thought it enough to sprinkle a few "pizzicatos," "obbligatos," "rallentandos" and a couple of technical metaphors over an unparticularised account of the match, without attempting in the least to catch either the tone of voice or the mannerisms or even the prejudices of our team of critics. Even worse was the failure to realise that our critics would know a good deal about the game they criticised, though perhaps the entrants were themselves deficient in knowledge of either golf or rugger. I was just beginning to despair—and to turn severe and schoolmastery about it—when, at the bottom of the pile, a dozen or so of just the kind of thing I'd hoped for turned up. Anyone can recognise D.S.-T.'s voice in Lob's version:

> This glorious combination received rather less than its due from some of my colleagues with whom an orthodox movement, even if it is perfect, evidently no longer weighs. "Heavens," we may hear them exclaim, "what old-fashioned tactics! How obvious. How dowdy! No dummy? No blind-side play? No surprises?" . . . But what, you may ask, of the tackling?

Andrew Service catches William Whitebait on the last green:

> So we—a tweed circle, planted on our shooting sticks—sit and gape. Daly five whole yards, Strachan a mere three inches. Silence hovers broken only by a whispered offer. Sixty, it seems to forty against. Sixty what? Seconds worth of distance run? (No, banknotes, it later appears, from the crisp rustle.) Daly crouches, peers, drops to his knees, nose to ground—well done, old mole—straightens himself, waggles and then at last strikes . . . (*Postcript.* Strachan, by the way, should read Dai Jones.)

Pat Bullen, C. B. J. Felton, and G. J. Blundell were the other runners-up. Edward Blishen and Robert Sheldon produced the only sustained entries. Two guineas each to them. To the other three consolation prizes for good passages.

William Whitebait at Twickenham

> . . . Bullfinch's run to the Oxford touchline was, one fears, old stuff. We've seen it all before—the ball finding the ready hands, the gesture of tucking it under the arm that has become a Twickenham cliché, the attempts to tackle that just don't come off, the roar of mechanical excitement from stands stuffed with studious moustaches; the final, and ritualistic, abandonment of pursuit and the solitary figure pinning ball to mud with heroic stomach. In 1890, one suspects, it told. Attention was held instead by Sinew, the Oxford back. A small part, no orthodox piece of spell-binding this: simple bending down, tying of bootlace, while the run occurred. How delightful, here, the simple, unachieving act: personal gesture heedless of the raucous glory attracting all eyes. A moment to be remembered by those who don't go to Twickenham to see points banally piled up.

Edward Blishen

The Art Critic on the Golf Course

> Towards the end of his performance, Lawrence Marlowe maintained his *recherché* style at the risk of a certain consequent thickness and lack of roundness in the necessary forcing strokes. It has often seemed that his short game sacrifices the natural precision of his analytical movements for quite incompatible Hagen generalisations. In particular, his final approach was shanked, largely due to the over-decorative fingering introduced. Roland Sinclair (born 1931) is a gifted young assistant influenced by Braid and also by Locke. His fascinating intensely personal use of the number 4 wood when faced with a necessarily long carry over three quite deliciously concocted hazards, enabled a rather difficult interpretation to be executed fluently and confidently. The broad *insouciance* of his wedge and the almost frivolous use he makes of his delightfully balanced Schenectady putter produced an ending both brilliant and successful.

Robert Sheldon

J. B. at Twickenham

> . . . play which was fluent and professional without being slick, as, for instance, in a pass implied rather

Company Meeting

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"ANOTHER CROP OF RECORDS"

"Another crop of records" in the progress of Tube Investments Limited is reported by Mr. Ivan Stedeford, the Chairman, in his annual statement, circulated with the accounts to stockholders on Nov. 18. The annual general meeting will be held in Birmingham on 10th December.

Turnover, productivity and earnings were up, he said, and prices had been kept down. Exports totalled £20 millions, a gain of £3 millions over the previous year's record, sales to America and Canada increasing substantially. Over half the British bicycles exported to the U.S. came from T.I.

Profits had risen by £1,515,061 to £9,291,834, but when exceptional items like price changes in materials stocks were deducted, the additional real trading profit before tax amounted to little more than £500,000—this for an increase in sales of nearly £9 millions. Here was a measure of costs absorbed and other efforts to keep turnover high, and a reminder that the sellers' market was behind us.

All the Divisions had contributed to these results. Despite official assurances, input of special steels for tubes dropped by some 25 per cent, jeopardising employment in a dozen or more T.I. factories. By stringent economy in use, reprocessing short and second-hand tubes, and concentrating on highly finished work, maximum employment and turnover in the Tube Division had been maintained.

Although some of its markets came to a virtual standstill through overseas economic difficulties, the Cycle Division increased exports by 22 per cent, thus further consolidating T.I.'s position as the world's largest manufacturer. The General Engineering Division beat all previous trading records. Manufacture of mechanical handling equipment and the design and production of aeroplane parts were being expanded, and T.I. had acquired a machine tool company in Oldbury.

An overall recession in demand, largely due to rearmament adjustment, occurred later in the year, reducing the Aluminium Division's forward order book to more manageable proportions; overseas trade increased well on the lifting of official export restrictions and progress here continued. The Electrical Division made its contribution in spite of the officially ordained depression by decree in the electrical goods industry.

T.I.'s manufacturing interests and activities in Argentina, Australia, Canada, India, New Zealand and South Africa had shown satisfactory progress, the investment in each case mounting in value. A new project in cycle saddle manufacture had been joined in South Africa.

These achievements, said Mr. Stedeford, offered no grounds for complacency. He was confident that T.I would get a full share of the world trade that came within its reach, with new products and improved designs of old ones, but the cold wind of recession was blowing in many markets.

WORLD TRENDS

Despite a progressive increase in British output since the war, overall results were inadequate, most U.S. industries operating at higher levels. Portents suggested that American industry was on the verge of a great rise in productivity by great capital investment in plant, electronic techniques and the adaptation of the automatic assembly line for machining, etc. Britain's answer had had to be a curtailment of development expenditure, tightening of credit, and additional taxes. Could we afford, even in difficult times, to slow up technically while others were advancing at the double?

For some years, Mr. Stedeford said, he had urged the need of international agreements, particularly on the distribution and pricing of raw materials. With the object lesson of the last two years, could there longer be doubt that many troubles of the sterling area and Britain were due to a lack of such agreements? He hoped that joint action would result from the forthcoming meeting of Prime Ministers. One serious weakness in the Commonwealth was the absence of an effective system of framing broad lines of economic policy month by month.

Discussing incentives, Mr. Stedeford concluded by saying that it was easier to deny and restrict than to give, but surely it was recognised that an expanding economy could not be built on a contracting share for those supposed to do the building. If policy were more governed by the truth that men reacted best to personal gain, then men who could would rise to the national rescue.

han executed. But this would have had little validity without the imaginative sense of deployment over space which characterised Oxford's great attack. This was, formally, more satisfying than any of the Cambridge movements, which were marked by some admirably restrained footwork and a tender feeling for touch. The ball emerged with challenging abruptness from the intricate texture of the scrum, to be communicated across the field with a swinging diagonal motion by the Oxford three-quarters. The winger, King, stood out here as a player who—if he can learn to resist the mannerisms of the New Zealand School—may well become important. I particularly liked his firm, possessive cradling of the ball in the crook of the arm. His final dash brought distinction to a game otherwise rather low in key.

GERALD PRIESTLAND

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR AT TWICKENHAM

Why is there so much talk about the unpopularity of Varsity Rugger? It turns up regularly at all the main provincial centres; festive mêlées are still *au courant* at the Stade Colombe, and after the annual gala performance at Twickenham, follows Lansdowne Road *con amore*, albeit *un poco lente*. In fact, *Un Ballo in Varsitate* occupies a place in the Rugger canon just about as high as its merits warrant: that is, it comes next in popularity to the little group of standard internationals and well ahead of such admirable games as the Hospitals' Cup, Seven-A-Sides and even the Metropolitan Police Finals.

This year's *Kampfspiel* (Opus 143), was thick and muddy, played without scoring, until from a set-piece after a *da capo* 25-yards kick, Boobyer handled, dodged under the touch-judge's baton, and with pedal pizzicato steered his enharmonic insouciance between the uprights for a score of unsurpassing excellence.

HARRY FINE

NAOMI LEWIS AT TWICKENHAM

Not so much in theme or treatment as in tone and volume, the Home Service differs, in idea at least, from the Third. But, listening to Mr. Alston's commentary on Tuesday afternoon, I detected, for all the bright, youthful optimism of the scene, the magical incantation of the chorus ("Square One: Square Two") and the celtic lyricism of Wilfrid Wooller's epilogue, an air of Eng. Lit., hanging vaporously about the programme. Doubtless the pedantry of the referee—a tedious character, whistle constantly to mouth—contributed to the difficulty. Yet, having written ungraciously about this programme, I must declare that, if only for the almost terrifying magnificence and beauty of Steel-Dodger's try—the prettily contrived dummy, the contemptuous evasion of Lewis-Jenkins (a single vulnerable character in the prickiest of settings) the light, gay, mannered, delicate and irresistible assault on the corner-flag—the afternoon's fare deserves to be served again, this time by professionals.

FRANK DUNNILL

CHESS: Theme and Orchestration

No. 164

It is, of course, a moot point whether there is such a thing as an absolute optimum that would defy any attempt to improve it, or whether a work of art, however perfect, can still do with some touches of further perfection. V. Korolkov seems to think so. Last year I presented some evidence of that eminent Soviet composer's amiable whim of trying to perfect other people's studies. Through the courtesy of Dr. Paros of Budapest, assiduous compiler of chess compositions in the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe, I have now received some further material: it seems to prove the point that, while a really perfect theme could only be spoiled by any attempt at further improvement, there is usually something that can be done about the orchestration.

It seems not without significance that this study by Prof. Lazard, the great French composer, should have caught Korolkov's fancy. White is to draw, and the seemingly impossible is achieved like this. (1) K-Kt8 !, B-K5, (2) P-Q6 ! !, PxP, (3) K-B7, P-Q4, (4) K-Q6, P-Q5, (5) K-K5, P-Q6, (6) K-Q4, P-Q7, (7) K-B3, P-Q8 (Q or R), stalemate. Note the delightfully witty theme of the K trotting after that triumphant P by a design, apparently so futile and yet so potent. Note also the almost ruthless economy in construction. It may be suggested that this very contrast of an exuberant idea austerely dressed is what the author wanted. However, Korolkov must have felt that so witty a theme needed some more orchestration, and while he wisely refrained from touching the *andante grazioso* of the original theme he let himself go in an ouverture, quite *staccato furioso*. But no doubt, in attempting this particular metamorphosis Korolkov must have been prompted by yet another cause—none less than the unequivocally materialist concept of the pukkha Marxist. True to the Soviet School's traditional disapprobation of "fairy-like" positions he would have felt the urge of some rational explanation for that Bishop being so fantastically immured behind a triple-pawn. Here, then, is Korolkov's "ouverture," composed in his quest for dramatising-cum-rationalising the Frenchman's creation. The solution is (1) B-B1 ch, P-K7, (2) BxP ch, Kt-B5, (3) BxKt ch, K-R4, (4) P-Kt4 ch, K-R5, (5) B-Kt3 ch, QxB (forced), (6) PxQ ch, K-Kt4, and here the curtain can rise on Lazard's own work.

A: Simkhovich & Korolkov

Among the endgame studies "doctored" by Korolkov I found two of equal significance (though for opposite reasons). I have included both of them in this week's competition. **A**—White to draw—is a piece by Simkhovich which Korolkov has substantially improved by being able to cut into the very narrow of the original. **B**—White to win—is, in my humble opinion, a piece Korolkov should not have touched. By "over-orchestrating" it he could hardly improve, and he may well have spoiled the clear-cut lucidity of Chekhover's original. Alas, I have no space for Korolkov's version nor for the original of **A**. Incidentally, both these studies are far from easy and should be well worth 7 and 6 points respectively. But we must have our 4-pointer, too, for the benefit of beginners. **C** is an instructive game

B: Chekhover 1937

C: Illingworth 1931

position in which Black made the grievous mistake of P-KB4. Why was he forced to resign after White's next move?

Usual prizes. Entries by December 1.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 1

A: (1) Q x Kt ch, etc.

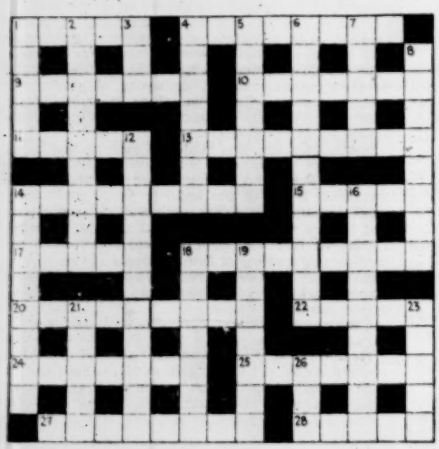
B: (1) R-QB8 ch, K-Q7; (2) R-Q8 ch, K-K7; (3) R-K6 ch, K-B7; (4) R-B8 ch, K-Kt7; (5) R-QKt8 !, P queens; (6) R-Kt1 !, Q-R4; (7) R-Kt2 ch, K-B6; (8) R-Kt3 ch, K-K5; (9) R-Kt4 ch, etc.

C: (1) K-K2, P queens; (2) K x Q, P x P; (3) B-Kt7 ch, K-Q2; (4) B-B8 ch, K-K1; (5) B-Q7 ch, K-B2; (6) B-K8 ch, K-Kt1; (7) B-B7 ch, K-R2; (8) B-Kt8 ch, K-Kt3; (9) B-R7 ch, K-R3; (10) B-Q2 ch, P-K6; (11) B x P ch, K x B; (12) R-R7 ch, etc.

Many competitors were stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by E. Allan, K. Beaumont, J. R. Harman. Contributions to the Rubinstein fund have begun to arrive, some of them with touching tributes to the master. The total sum raised will be announced in the Dec. 20 issue, along with an alphabetical list of the subscribers.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 23



ACROSS

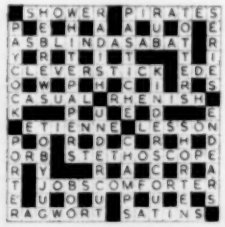
1. He is in a serpent's embrace (5).
4. Orders to use radio telephony in a complicated search (8).
9. The end of an old London theatre (7).
10. In Modern Greats Gilbert Murray is one to get a double first for Classical Antiquity (7).
11. Place for 13 (5).
13. Girls with untidy hair although there are pins in it (9).
14. Subject of a poem which is no Georgic (5, 4).
15. The communist would have this paper if it were wanted (5).
17. Like Seneca in his letters to Ictinus (5).
18. The lights before you reach the delta (5, 4).
20. The first idiot (5, 4).
22. Keen cricketer (5).
24. For a sovereign I get help in a rural district (7).
25. Well-disciplined soldier (7).
27. Having no trunks, the girl is left outside the dance (8).
28. Angel turned doctor (5).

DOWN

1. University retreats (5).
2. In Shakespeare thrones collapse to a shout of joy (9).
3. Female for a lawyer (3).
4. As an act this is a game (7).
5. Practical era in which pages do not tell the truth (7).
6. Printing House in New York? (5, 6).
7. Magistrate dealing with a woman (5).
8. Holy places for a saint among underground workers (8).
12. Congé? (6, 5).
14. For the clever man the case may be different in rapid communication (8).
16. One might find Gaul a ruin for a start (9).
18. The Northerner to spill blood and pass away (7).
19. Flowers to plant, perhaps, under a London street (7).
21. Speed king backs his vehicle with a sign of hesitation (5).
23. After the top comedian no turn has good material (5).
26. There is little honour for what the gardener does (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 22



BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"VEDANTA for East & West" (bi-monthly). Editorial advisers: Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S., & Sir John Stewart-Wallace. Ed.: Swami Ghanananda. Ann sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

"POETRY and Poverty." No. 3 now ready at your bookshop for 2s. or direct from 8 Eton Avenue, London, N.W.3. Contains work by Peter Vansittart, D. S. Savage, Heath-Stubbs, Charles Madge, Kirkup, D. J. Enright, etc.

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UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

SOUTH-EAST Asia: Journalist-historian desiring write popular history of area requires working library. Ideas, lists, prices to A.R., 34 Somali Rd., London, N.W.2.

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L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

BOOKS secondhand posted. Write for free lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

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ENJOY a Happy Xmas or New Year away in Welsh Mountains. Stay at Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, Caerns. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

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"SE compendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Parties, MUS. 8923.

"TABLEAUX Historiques de la Révolution Française," publ. Paris 1804. Size 19in. × 12in., 2 vols. with 158 world famous full-page aquatint illustrations. Collector's gem. £20 for quick sale. Croydon Galleries, 297 High St., Croydon.

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BBC requires Programme Assistant in Leeds to participate in production of Features and Drama and possibly in work of other programme departments. Experience in broadcast Features and/or Drama or extensive professional experience in such occupations as Stage, Journalism or Social Research is essential. Suitable microphone voice a distinct asset. University Degree desirable, but not essential if educational background and practical experience are of high standard. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to £1,065 maximum per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.A.N.R. N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

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SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering), or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1952 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London salary scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men) £812—£1,022; (women) £681—£917; Scientific Officers (men) £440—£670; (women) £440—£576. Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440—£655. (Rates for women under review.) Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.54/52 for Senior Scientific Officers, and S. 52/52, S. 128/52 for the other posts.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Reception Hostel, Kirby Muxloe. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Superintendent and Matron at the above Hostel, which accommodates 22 children, age range 5-15 years. The Hostel, which was newly equipped and furnished in September, 1952, is a well-appointed, non-institutional building in its own grounds. Preference will be given to graduates or certificated male teachers, and the Matron should if possible hold a qualification in nursing. The duties include the organisation of the Hostel as an Observation Centre on modern lines and the Superintendent and Matron will be expected to collaborate closely with the visiting Medical Officer and members of the Consultant Psychological Service, Probation Officers, etc. The vacancy arises due to the promotion of the present Superintendent and Matron. Salary scale: Superintendent £300 × £15 to £525 per annum or Burnham Scales for a qualified teacher. Matron: £150 × £10 to £200 per annum. Plus residential emoluments valued at £148 per annum. This joint appointment is superannuable and subject to a satisfactory medical examination. Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, and, when completed, should be returned by December 13, 1952. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

WELL-educated woman required to train as interviewing official in a busy Personnel Department in Central London. Previous experience not necessary but reallamma required for peak periods. Hours 10 a.m.–5 p.m. Initial salary £6 10s. p.w. Write giving full particulars to Box NS.874, E.P.Ltd., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts, requires matron and 2 teachers (one for nursery). Elizabeth Strachan, Wate 52.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Desford Boys' School. The Leicester City Council, Managers of this Approved School, invite applications from suitably qualified men for the non-resident post of Welfare Officer. The person appointed will be responsible for the after-care of boys who have left Approved Schools and who live in the North Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire area. Salary at present on the scale £305 × £15 to £570 per annum, with minimum of £400 at 30 years of age, and efficiency bar at £480 per annum. No house is provided and the successful applicant will be expected to reside centrally within his area. Possession of a car will be an advantage and allowances for necessary use on duty will be paid on scale laid down by Leicester City Council. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20, Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom all completed applications should be returned by December 13, 1952.—Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Desford Boys' School, Nr. Leicester. Applications are invited from State Registered Nurses for the post of Resident Nurse to be responsible for the health of the boys at this Junior Approved School (200 boys aged 9-15 years). The school is situated eight miles West of Leicester. Salary and conditions of service are laid down by the Whitley Council with a commencing salary of £375 per annum rising by annual increments of £15 to £495 per annum. A deduction of £130 per annum is made for board residence, etc. Applications, which should be accompanied by two recent testimonials and the names of two referees, should be addressed to the Headmaster, Desford Boys' School, Desford, Leicester, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Closing date for applications is within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.—Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

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APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of full-time Warden for the Horncastle and District Youth Centre (mixed). Salary £415 rising by £30 per annum. Apply the Hon. Sec., Mr. J. A. Armstrong, 19 West Street, Horncastle, Lincs, for full particulars and application forms.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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MANCHESTER University Settlement. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for the post of Youth Club Leader. This is an interesting post with considerable possibilities. For further particulars and application form write to the Warden, 20 Every St., Manchester, 4.

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PUBLISHERS require intelligent enterprising publicity trainee, nominal salary first year; good prospects. Write full details to Box 5027.

COMPETENT Secretary-Bookkeeper, with some knowledge Cttee. work, required small residential school for maladjusted children. £250 p.a. plus board & lodging. Apply Warden, Bodenham Manor, Hereford, naming two referees.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires full-time spacker-collector for Book Department, able to drive. Interview by appointment with Manager, Book Dept., 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1. EUS. 2154.

TWICKENHAM. Working housekeeper looking for home as well as job reqd. by professional woman (34); 2 children (1, boarding school). Good outings. Own bed-sit. Experience & refs. essent. Box 5041.

EXPERIENCED Matron and Assistant required in January for co-educational school in West Country with proportion of difficult children. Box 4611.

COOK Housekeeper required January 4, 1953, Chelsea Open Air Nursery School. Main Duty: ordering and preparing mid-day meal average 40 children and adults. Salary £200 p.a. resident. School holidays. Write stating qualifications and experience to: Miss B. I. Grove, 51 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3.

EDUCATED girl. Post offered by Literary Agent to exp. 'stenographer and typist, with knowledge of and interest in Lit. MSS of all kinds. Foreign languages advantage. Fullest particulars, please, to Box 5005.

AN interesting selection of posts carrying opportunity for intelligent girls 16-25 with shorthand-typing or book-keeping. Professional, political, commercial. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1. WHI. 0606. No charge to staff.

COMPETENT Shorthand-Typist required, with experience, to act as secretary to Distribution Officer. Film knowledge an advantage but not essential. Commencing salary £6 10s. 9.30-5.30. Alternate Saturdays. British Film Institute, 4, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Museum 0581.

WELL-known old-established leading publishers rearranging territory require representatives for Midlands, North, Scotland and Ireland. Full particulars to Sales Manager, Box 4988.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School. Teacher required for Sunday mornings 10 to 12.30. Apply to the Principal, 28 St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

BRITISH Actors' Equity Association requires shorthand-typist. Salary on Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union scale to £7 15s. p.w. Interesting work and good conditions. Applications to 8 Harley St., W.1.

MOTOR mechanic required for mobile theatre, able tend generating plant; also woman for general domestic assistance. Century Theatre, 16 Station Road, Hinckley.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PART-time work wanted London or Windsor by student, aged 23. Qualified driver and excellent character. Harman, Flat 5, Clewer Lodge, Windsor.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

LINGUIST-telephonist (G.P.O. trained) urgently requires situation where fluent Spanish, Italian, French and German, extensive knowledge of the Continent, organising and driving experience can be of use to export firm, travel agency, etc. 'Phone Private 9883, or write Box 4472.

EXPD. Sec. Sh./Typist reqs. pt.-time job. Evng. Wk.-end work consid. CUN. 0015.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

SUBSCRIBER strongly recommends woman of exceptional integrity & ability, 35, with daughter 8, fluent German, good French, wide secretarial experience, typing & shorthand, excellent taste, manners and appearance. Urgently needing new post, pref. with living accommodation self & daughter, who is R.C. faith. Box 5169.

SUGGESTIONS for employment would be very much appreciated by young man who is more than a little tired of stereotyped values, but still interested in people. Some experience labouring, army, teaching, office work, writing, organising, comm. travelling. Smattering Italian and German. Very widely travelled, mixed all "classes," broad interests & views, free from -isms. No anchors. 52 & fit. Attainments, education & bank balance limited, but enthusiasm for hard work when given reasonably free hand. Box 4954.

R.A.F. Widow, competent secretary, first-class refs., banking, legal, literary exp., keen, adaptable, reqs. post. Pt.-time pref'd. to permit continuation voluntary youth work, but full-time if necessary. Box 4981.

HONEST, intelligent, tactful, single, handyman-potter, 40, seeks employment. School Certificate, studied art, can drive, type, keep books to T.B. and speak French. Box 4535.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

HAZEL Potteres will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly recom. by prominent writers. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

ILLUSTRATED duplicating for broadsheets and folders. Copy Typing. Display Copy Service. Marlborough Court, W.1. Tel: GERrard 0791.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit., MSS., etc. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

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AUTHORS' MSS., Scripts, Theses carefully typed. Business documents copied. Mrs. Taylor, 34 Peel St., W.8. PARk 5504.

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ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

A RELIABLE Duplicating/Typing service. Experienced secs. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office stuff—perm. and temp. Typing, Duplctg., Translations. WHI. 2501.

YOUR Secretarial problems solved at once by Dryden Office Service. 15 Tavistock St., Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 7237. Typing, duplicating, translations, staff.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5804.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Med. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

TRANSLATION. English into French, by qualified daughter of French journalist, recently res. in England, for publrs., fashion, business agencies. S. Feugere, 5 rue de la republique, Ecouen (Seine et Oise).

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

SOUTH Cornwall, nr. Cadgwith. Charming traditional cottage, 3 bed., 2 rec., kitchen, bathroom, larder, elt. immersion heater, Elsan. Sml. gdn. garage avail. £2,250 Fhold o.n.o. Redgrave, Kuggar, Helston.

SUTTON—house, 2 bed., lounge, kit., garage; £2,300. Box 4880.

HARLECH. Three bedrooms, kitchen, living room, w.c. Main water, drains, e.l.; 2 mins. shops, buses, quiet position overlooking Cardigan Bay. 1 acre gdn. Freehold £700 or offer. Box 4892.

FULHAM Rd., S.W.6. A doctor's well-maintained house for sale, 9 rooms, kitchen & bath. Garden. Possession March, 1953. Freehold £2,500. Cookes & Burrell, opp. West Ken. Station. FUL. 3101.

FOR Sale: Windmill, partly converted, electric light & power, and modernised 4-bedrm. house. Garage 2 cars. Easy garden. On ridge in mid-Kent. Cheap for quick sale. Ring Benenden 2138 after 7 p.m.

SCHOLARSHIPS

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. Several scholarships of values up to £120 per annum, are being offered to boys between the ages of 10½ and 12 seeking entry to Abbotsholme in September, 1953. Tests take place at the school during the Easter holidays. Further particulars may be obtained from the Headmaster. Postal address, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffordshire.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Course for the Diploma in the Teaching of Educationally Sub-Normal Children. A course of training leading to the above-named Diploma is open to qualified teachers who are already teaching, or who wish to teach, in special schools or in classes for backward children in ordinary schools. They must have had satisfactory teaching experience, and except in exceptional circumstances it is unlikely that candidates will be accepted who have had less than five years' teaching experience. The course is not intended to provide primary training as a teacher. The course is full-time, extends over an academic year and is recognised as a Supplementary Course. Grants from the Ministry of Education are available to cover fees; in certain circumstances Local Education Authorities are able to grant leave with pay. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet St., W.C.1. Application forms must be returned as soon as possible and in any case not later than February 1, 1953.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Lectures on French Literature in French, every Wed., 8.15. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

CORONATION Year students joining the Langham Secretarial College on January 5 next will receive an extra month's tuition free of charge for tours and background lectures. Enrol now. Vacancies limited. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. (MAY. 2904.)

SHORTHAND/Typing in English, French, German, also French conversational classes. Latin for Matric. &c., Russian, Italian. Ley, 54 Manchester St., W.1. WEL. 1739.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Training (Gregg), also evg. classes shorthand/typing. Frances King, 3 Hartington Rd., S.W.7. Ken. 4771.

SHORTHAND - Typing. North - Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5, offers six-months' intensive part-time courses (2 mornings and 3 afternoons weekly). Next course begins January 5. Write, call or 'phone GUL. 1154.

FRENCH, Russian & English for foreigners are among the languages to be studied in comfortable informal atmosphere at the Language Centre, Gayton Road, N.W.3. Expd. teachers, mod. fees. HAM. 9097.

A MAN came to the Isobel Cripps Centre suffering from a pain in his back. He was told we did not give treatment, but that we could teach him to stand and walk better. Having for a long time had no relief from being a patient he decided to be a pupil instead. He has learnt now to stand and walk rather well. His pain has disappeared. Moral: The way you use your body determines how well it works. Partics.: Sec., 18 Lansdowne Rd., London, W.11. Park 7222.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

PERSONAL

CHRISTMAS. Would any capable, perhaps lonely young woman help with 4 cheerful children over Xmas holidays? Dec. 16-Jan. 14. Comf. Hampstead House. Box 4836.

QUALIFIED doctor, 25, wants year's break from Hospital duty, seeks post as general help to London doctor's wife. Box 4811.

LADY potter wishes to contact another lady or gentleman, to help run pottery club on Sussex coast. Box 4822.

PUBLISHER atop uncivilised Welsh mountain offers cottage, exchange occasional help children and secretarial. Box 4824.

LONDON Office Address, S.W.1, available reputable assocn. or person. Box 4912.

PERSONAL—continued

A PRESENT to write home about—and with! Writing becomes a sheer delight with the new Olivetti "Scribe" portable typewriter. As beautiful to look at as it is to use, with all the features of a full-size machine, the "Scribe" is precision built for a lifetime of service. Complete in attractive carrying case, it costs £29 10s. (no P.T.) and can be seen at typewriter dealers and the better stores. Alternatively, write for literature or call at British Olivetti's showrooms, 10 Berkeley Square, W.1, or 115 Kingsway, W.C.2.

INTERNATIONAL Union of Socialist Youth (I.U.S.Y. Travel Service, Ltd.) offers inexpensive winter holidays at socialist centres in France, Germany, Austria, Holland, Norway and elsewhere. Details: I.U.S.Y., 21 Struton Grnd., London, S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

THE Nonesuch Singers, present membership about 20, vacancies all voices. Motets, masses, madrigals of the Renaissance period, also modern works planned. Amateurs. Practice Thursdays. Ronald Smith, 31 Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10.

"POETRY Periodical," a new and adventurous poetry magazine. Send 1s. P.O. to Irene Coates, 9 Halifax Rd., Cambridge. Contributions welcomed.

FRIENDS here and overseas will appreciate "This England, 1952," illus. by Anton. 2s. 6d. (2s. 9d. post free to any address).

YOUNG widow, desiring companionship, offers comf. home to lady free rent, close Sth. Woodford Central Line Tube. Box 5062.

CHRISTMAS: homely but lively festivities, Cornwall. By sea, mild climate. Moderate terms. Stamped env. to Box 5114.

MUSICIAN (m.), 26, ambitious, wide interests, no ties, sick of merely existing, seeks interesting, rewarding work home/abroad. Anything considered. Box 4975.

SAILING Barge moored near St. Paul's. An arts club is being formed—exhibitions, recitals, dancing, etc. Ring CEN. 2848.

CUSHIONS for Xmas presents. 24in square, beautiful covers, 25s. each. Cash with order. Thomas, c/o 34 Maurice Walk, London, N.W.11.

WINTER Sports in the Black Forest. Private board in health resort 2,700 ft. Moderate terms. Box 4806.

MAJORCA—To let from Jan. 1, 5-bedroom villa; 8gns. monthly. PROspect 3267 after 7 p.m. or write Box 5034.

LECTURERS, Public Speakers and Brains Trust members are invited to submit particulars of experience, subjects and fee to Harvey Unna, Literary and Lecture Agent, 61 Chandos House, Palmer St., London, S.W.1.

ENGLISH lessons from experienced teacher. 'Phone WEL. 7685.

ITALIAN lady reqd. for Ital. lessons, Putney; gd. conversationalist. Box 4990.

GUITAR lessons. Technique/Theory/Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov FLA. 4354.

MALE student offers 4 months S.W. France 1953, exchange winter accom. anywhere Gt. Britain. Box 4965.

SKI with famous Kitzbuehel Ski school, 16 days from £24 10s., spending money £17 10s. To individual collecting party 15, free holiday. Particulars from Box 5122.

VITAMIN B. Your full daily requirement of essential B vitamins is provided by one dessertspoonful of pleasant-tasting Vita-Yeast. From Chemists, 3s. and 5s. 6d.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations. Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Blunham House, Bedfordshire.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns./classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

NURSERY group near Regent's Park. 2-5 years. Reasonable fees. Fully trained staff. Ambassador 2593.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

WRITE about "You"—and increase your income. Send for Free N 3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17, Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

TALLER "Status" Shoes for men increase height, improve posture. Stamp, details. Status Shoe Co. (S.85), 77 George St., W.1.

ROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

LADY shorthand-typist book-keeper requires evening work. Own machine. Mountview 7052 evenings.

PERSONAL—continued

INDEX to Vol. XLIII (Jan.-June, 1952) now available. 2s., post free. NEW STATESMAN & NATION, Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

WINTER Sports Party, December 6, to Austria taken out by young naval officer, has vacancies for few others; also Christmas and New Year parties to Lech and Obergurgl, 16 days' holiday from 28½gns. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

ABBATT Toys. We have for 20 years been pioneering toys appropriate to each age of child. The toys are so strong, they are often passed on to other children when the original owners have finished with them. Visit our shop in good time. Shoppers by post should write for free illustrated catalogue to Dept. N.S.7, 94 Wimpole St., London, W.1.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Original designs (6d.-2s. 3d.) from The Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gdns., London, W.8. Samples post free.

ALL kinds of bookcases from good and cheap Utility to the famous Festival of Britain Unix units. Ask for The Phœnix Gallery bookcase leaflets (M3), or call at 38 William IV Street at Charing Cross.

CHRISTMAS/New Year holiday. Try something new this year and spend a carefree Christmas with an informal house-party near London. Traditional Christmas fare and festivities, log fires, interesting conversation and dancing. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

YUGOSLAVIA. Slovenia; winter sports. Departure Dec. 20; 16 days inc.; £28. "V" form £8. Holidays Friendship Service, 445 Strand, W.C.2.

CHRISTMAS Cards of exquisite Oriental design, 3s. 6d. for set of six cards, including envelopes. Sample dispatched on request (please enclose postage). Cathay Arts, Ltd., 27 Nassau St., London, W.1.

PRIVATE Winter Sports Party to Kitzbuhel, Tyrol, has few vacancies. Dec. 27-Jan. 6. Good hotel. Cost £24. Box 5064.

SINCE my studio at 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8, will not be ready by Christmas I can arrange for a few appointments at 5 Paddington St. for those who want a studio portrait by Anthony Panting. Visits to your home can also be booked at MAI 3200 or a message left with Finders at WELbeck 6655.

CONSOLIDATE your French. Group meets for literary and topical discussion one evening a week in private house, Wimbledon. For details telephone WIM. 0568.

FRENCH tuition by French student. 6s. per hour. Write Box 4895.

BE Taller. "Adhite" men's shoes increase height 2in. Normal appearance. Details: City Shoe Co. (Rm. 80), 147, Holborn, E.C.1.

FINHAUT.—Winter Sports for adults and children at lovely Swiss village. Accompanied parties or individual travel. C. Rackett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sussex. Tel. 256.

INCOME Tax matters attended to. Traders' books written up, weekly, monthly, annually. L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Road, London, N.W.3. 'Phone Hampstead 6666.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

QUICKEN your French. Vocabulet cards, 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36, Downside Road, Sutton, Surrey. Excellent present.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

A FILM Show arranged to suit children of all ages. Book now for your winter parties. HAMpstead 2551.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid note-taking using your ordinary writing. —Details M.A. Educational Service (N.S.N.), 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1½gns. evg. WHI. 3678.

P.S. Wanted—a 16-day ski holiday for under £30, skis & lessons incl. Found—in Harold Ingham's winter programme.

P.P.S. R.S.V.P. 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TASTEFULLY furn. bed-sit., C.H., own tel. ext., in quiet flat nr. Hmpst. Heath close buses and Tube. 50s. p.w. Box 5136.

TO let for 8 months. Large divan-room in modern block, 30 minutes north Piccadilly. All conveniences. £2 10s. single, £3 double. Box 4904.

TO let, attractive s/c furn. flat, lounge, bedroom, kitchen—bathroom. Charming situation, Golders Green. SPE. 2160.

SINGLE room to let well furnished, newly decorated, cooking facilities, 35s. per week. MAI. 1093.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

BLOOMSBURY. Furn. bach. flat with phone, to let. Rent 26s. wkly. 2nd Flr. 3 small rms. (incl. kit., bath comb.). F. & F. at value £300. Immed. possess. HOL. 3918 before 10.30 a.m. Box 5021.

A LUXURIOUSLY furnished double bedroom with hot and cold running water, gas fire and ring, strip lighting; Yale locks. £3 10s. weekly. Ideal for two ladies. Halifax, 89a Alexandra Rd., London, N.W.8. 'Phone MAIda Vale 3436 (mornings only).

BELSIZE Pk. 2 furn. rooms, share kit. Suit one girl. 40s. Box 4957.

WELL furn. bed.-sit. room with breakfast. Quiet house. Telephone. Cent. heating. Ckg. facils. H. & C. N.12. Box 4751.

PLEASANT furn. room to let, use kitchen, close Finchley Road Tube. Box 4896.

KENSINGTON: Bed-sitting-room, £3 3s. per week. H.C. Table top gas cooker. Light and linen provided. Tel. WEStern 4097 before 9.15 a.m. or after 6 p.m.

FURNISHED bed-sitting-room, gas ring, gas fire, 32s. 6d. p.w. No service. 81 Stile Hall Gdns., W.4. CHI. 4166.

HIGHGATE: furnished cent. heated Georgian house, 4 beds., Dec.-July inc. 11gns. weekly. MOU. 7230.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

1 or 2 furn. rooms, ckg. facils., use bathrm., etc.; friendly home. Colonials welcome. SPE. 2512 or write Box 5101.

QUIET home, part. board 3gns. Ideal for students/bus. people. NORth 2647.

COMF. single bed-sit.-room Brondesbury Park. 'Phone Willesden 1644.

FURN. bedrm., c. htg., part. board; mod. block, 3gns. RIV. 5882. Box 5089.

BED-Sitting Room in comfortable, cultured home near Brighton available for woman or girl doing prof. work. Box 4723.

THE Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards o/S., welcomes perm. residents appreciating gd. food, congenial atmosphere. £260 p.a. (couple £420), full board.

SPACIOUS 5-room low-rent flat: wish exchange for smaller 3-4 room ditto S.W. district. Box 5074.

DESPERATE. Yng. married cple., living apart 2 yrs., reqs. unf. flat. Box 4838.

PROF. lady reqs. immed. pt./unfur. flatlet, kit. Really mod. Handy Holborn. Box 4887.

FURNISHED flat, 2 bedrooms, Dec. 15-Jan. 10, or for 2 weeks. Box 5092.

BACHELOR shs. bed-sit., breakfast, Cent. Lond. pref. Away wkends. Box 5077.

SPANISH lady working in London wishes to live with British family to improve her English. Box 4962.

DR. reqs. s/c accomm. W. London or accessible thereto. £4 p.w. max. Box 4955.

S.O.S. Mother of limited means and son, 6 yrs., must find 2 unfurn. rms. by Jan. Prepd. baby-sit. Hampstead prefd. Box 5031.

HIGHLY domesticated bachelor (aged 31) seeks accommodation in Weybridge (Surrey) area where interest in music would be sympathetically received. Box 4886.

SCHOOLS

GOOD manners, sound education, happy home for boys over three at Staddles, Chute Lodge, Near Andover.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children. Vacancy for Junior boarder in January, 1953.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1953 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-15. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, Yorks. 8-18. Recognised and co-educational; progressive but disciplined. Small classes; preparation for G.C.E. at all levels, exceptional Art, Music and Crafts. Emphasis on initiative and poise. Headmaster: Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EMBASSY. Pri. 2211. Tues., Fri., 8; Sat. 5 & 8.30; Thurs., 2.30; Sun., 7.30 (mems.). Peter Ustinov's "High Balcony."

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evs. (ex. Mon.), 7.0. St., Sun., 5 & 8. Fay Compton in Jean Cocteau's "The Holy Terrors." Mems. 5s. yr.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "Strangers in the Land." Wed., Sun. Russian Film: "Childhood of Maxim Gorki." Tues., Nov. 25, 7.40 p.m. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30, Sun. 6.30. "One to Die," a new Thriller. Membership 5s. yearly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Cabaret Caribbean," arranged by Edric Connor. Membership 5s. yearly.

MERCURY, W.11 (Park 5700). Sun., Nov. 30, 8 p.m. Poetry reading. Catherine Lacey, Robert Eddison. 5s., 3s. 6d.

NEW China records; poetry reading. 7 p.m., Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2 Queensboro' Studios, Queensboro Terr., Bayswater, W.2.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until further notice, Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" (A). "El Dorado" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Nov. 23, 7.30. "Ore 9 Lezione di Chemica" (U).

ALL-Première Programme of Soviet Films; "Chinese Circus" and "In the Steppes." Scala Theatre, W.1. 7.30, Tues., Dec. 2. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 7s. 6d. from Ed. Ctee., British-Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. CLE. 4161. Enclose s.a.e. 10 per cent discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

HUNGARIAN (Magyar) Vintage Evening: Mme Goldberg (U.S.D.A.W.) in Hungarian and Chaplin films; Philip Leuss, songs at the piano; instrumental ensemble; Refreshments and Hungarian wines. British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Admission: Members 2s., Guests 2s. 6d. November 23 at 7.30 p.m.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., Nov. 22, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tkts. 4s.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. Christmas Market, Sat., Nov. 22, till Wed., Dec. 24. Open week-days 2.30-7.30; Sundays 12-7.30. Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3.

XMAS Bazaar and Fair—Seymour Hall, W.1. Saturday, November 29, 12 to 5. Adm. 6d. (children under 14—3d.). Xmas Tree, Puppet Show, Fortune Teller, Raffles and other Side-shows. Buy your Xmas presents from St. Marylebone Labour Party.

CONCERTS

SOVIET Artists at Royal Festival Hall. Gilels, Reiren, Kabalevsky, Bessolny, Yerochin, Gusilnikova. Sat., Nov. 22, 3 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. 5s., 6d., 10s., from Education Committee, British-Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (CLE. 4161) or at door.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday, November 30, at 3 p.m. Lili Kraus, Piano Recital. Works by Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, Schumann, Bartok. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

75TH Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Sat., Nov. 29, at 3. Robert & Gaby Casadesus. Works for 2 pianos & 4 hands by Fauré, Chabrier, Satie, Schmitt, Milhaud, etc. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.

EUGENE Castle. Song Recital with Hubert Greenslade (Piano). Wigmore Hall, Wed., Dec. 3, 7.30. Tkts.: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall; Agents and Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1. (Reg. 1140.)

CONCERT in aid of People's Congress for Peace. Leonard Cassini (piano), Martin Lawrence (bass), choir and folkdancers. Sat., November 29, 7.30 p.m., Parliament Hill School, Highgate Rd., N.W.5 (615 or 513 Trolley to door). Tickets 2s. at door.

JEAN Grayston (Contralto) and The Camerata Players (Flute, Violin, 'Cello and Harpsichord) will present a Recital for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 24, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

ST. Martin-in-the-Fields. Sat., Nov. 22, at 2.30. Mozart Concert. Richard Standen, Maurice Cole, Capriol Orchestra, Conductor Roy Budden. No tickets required.

EXHIBITIONS

MERSEYSIDE Artists from the Sandon Studios Society, Liverpool, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 22, 10-6. Admission free.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., London, W.1. French Paintings between Courbet and Chagall. Josef Herman: Burgundy Drawings. Closing November 29.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Paintings by Zao Wou-Ki. Paintings by Anita de Caro. Until December 5.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. "Of Light and Colour," 17th and 20th Century French Painters.

POTTERY by John Shelly at Galerie Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. TEM. 7411. Opp. St. Martins Th. & The Ivy, Nov. 5-28.

EXHIBITION of Paintings. Paul Aguilar, Eric N. Atkinson, Roger M. Pring, at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Square.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Gericault (1791-1824)—first exhibition since 1820—in aid of the Tate Gallery's Rodin Group Appeal. Admission 2s., students 1s. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1952; daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays. Until December 7.

8 Young Painters. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Daily 10-6, Sundays 2-6.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

IMPERIAL Institute Gallery, Imp. Inst. Rd., S.W.7. Contemporary Ceylonese Paintings by artists of the 43 group. Nov. 25-Dec. 15. Div. 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London Philosophical Study Group lectures. School of Oriental Studies, Malet Pl., W.C.1, 5.15 p.m., Fri., Nov. 28, Prof. A. J. Ayer, "Scientific Method in Philosophy." Tues., Dec. 9, Dr. F. Waismann, "Analytic Method in Philosophy."

THE Adlerian Society of Great Britain: First of three lectures on "the threefold challenge of life"—"The Application of Individual Psychology to the Problem of Sociability," by Mrs. S. Kras, B.A., Senior Clinical Psychologist. Punctually at 7.30 p.m. on Friday, November 28, at Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s. Saturday, December 13: "Christmas Brains Trust"—an informal social gathering at which refreshments will be obtainable. 3.0 to 6.0 p.m. at the Broadhurst Hall, 1 Broadhurst Gardens, some minutes from Finchley Road Met. Station). Tickets (members 1s., non-members 2s.) from the Assistant Secretary, 9 Downside Crescent, N.W.3. Please send full remittance and stamped addressed envelope. Early application is essential as accommodation is strictly limited. Questions for the Brains Trust (on a postcard, please) may also be enclosed.

CO-OPERATIVES in Poland—their role, structure and future, nationally and internationally. Friday, Nov. 21, 7.45 p.m. Speakers include Mr. Chas. Christmas, J.P. (Education Sec., Bham Co-op. Soc.), Mrs. R. Kerr (Westminster Women's Guild). Chairman: Mr. Gordon Schaffer. All Welcome. Refshmts. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 31 Portland Place, W.1.

PUBLIC debate: "Socialism or Capitalism?" Socialist Party of Great Britain (E. Hardy) opposed by George Schwartz, economic correspondent to the "Sunday Times." 7.30, Nov. 24, Kensington Town Hall, High St., W.8. Admn. free. All welc.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Nov. 27, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in English by Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, K.C.M.G.: "Gems of Belgian Poetry."

NEVER Again—Brotherhood of Man—Blue Angel (extract). Shanghaied (Chaplin)—Tale of Spring. Lecture by John Alexander, M.A., author of Films for Peace or War: "The Influence of the Film." Hampstead Town Hall, Nov. 25, 7.30 p.m. Ed. Ctee. Hampstead Peace Council. Adm. 1s. 9d. 2so seats will be reserved after 7.30. Tkts. from D. Orna, Ed. Ctee., H.P.C., 76 Cholmeley Gdns., N.W.6 (s.a.e.).

SAMANERA Dhammapananda will speak on "The Buddhist Way of Life." November 28, 8.30 p.m. All welcome. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Nov. 29, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean Buisson: "Le Théâtre de Jean Anouilh."

RONALD Watkins on "Shakespeare Production from Betterton to Harrison." Wednesday, December 3, 7.30. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Tickets 2s. (s.a.e.). Shakespeare Stage Soc., 96 Charlotte St., W.1.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. Nov. 23, "The Basis of World Brotherhood." Nov. 30, "What Shall We Do With Life?" All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Road, Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Station, next Devon-hire Terrace, Craven Road.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 23: H. J. Blackham, B.A., "The Democratic Principle." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

KENYA. Fenner Brockway, M.P., Leslie Hale, M.P., report their fact-finding tour. Holborn Hall, London. November 28, 7.30 p.m. Chair: Canon Collins (St. Paul's). Doors open 6.30.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. A Discussion on "The Present Situation in Kenya" between Mr. Fenner Brockway, Labour M.P. Eton and Slough, and Mr. C. J. M. Alport, Conservative M.P. Colchester. Thurs., Nov. 27, 7.45 p.m., at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 5s. od. Hon Sec. W.Ex. 0156.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Nov. 25, W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "The Future of our Museums." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Nov. 21, Miss M. Gooding, "National Trust."

THE Members of the British Psychoanalytical Society invite you to attend the annual "Ernest Jones" Lecture, entitled "Behaviour Under Stress"—which will be given by kind permission of the Royal Society of Medicine in the Barnes Hall of that Society on Mon., December 1, 8.15 p.m., by Professor Roger W. Russell, Ph.D.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Sun., Nov. 23, 8 p.m. Poetic Drama by Dannie Abse prod. Theo Bikel. Thurs., Nov. 27, 8.30. Series of 6 Architectural Criticisms. Chair: J. M. Richards. No. 1—Pimlico Flats (Architects: Powell & Moya). Fri., Nov. 28, 8 p.m. Bartok's Solo Violin Sonata played by Tibor Varga, pres. by Matyas Seiber.

WEIZMANN Chaim, Memorial Demonstration. Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7. Tues., Nov. 25, 8 p.m. Speakers: H. E. The Israel Ambassador, Lord Samuel, The Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, Prof. S. Brodetsky, Rev. Dr. A. Cohon, Rev. J. K. Goldblatt, Mr. Barnett Janner, M.P. Chair: Sir Simon Marks. Admission free. Reserved seats at 7s. 6d., 5s. and 2s. 6d. from General Secretary, Zionist Federation, 77 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

ALTMANN, Rabbi Dr. A. Lecture on "Judaism in the Modern World." Chair: Rev. Dr. A. Cohen. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Mon., Nov. 24, 8 p.m. Adm. free. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. and 4s., from Secy., Zionist Federation, 77 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 3815.

THE London Society of Jews & Christians. On Nov. 27, 6 p.m., at Fellowship Hall, St. Martin-in-the-Fields: "Religion as a Civilising Force in History"; (i) The Graeco-Roman World. Spkrs.: E. I. J. Rosenthal of Cambridge Univ. & Rev. Prof. E. O. James of London Univ., with Rev. Canon L. John Collins of St. Paul's in chair. All welc.

MISS F. Q. Idun (from Gold Coast), "Racial Problems." Youth or Discussion Group (Hampstead Ethical Soc.), Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, corner Hampstead Hill Gdns., Monday, Nov. 24, 8 p.m.

AFRICAN Music—Monday, Nov. 24, at 7 p.m. Illustrated talk by the Rev. A. M. Jones of the African Music Society in the Cecil Sharp Library, English Folk Dance & Song Society, 2 Regent's Park Rd., N.W.1. Admission to non-members 2s.

"STUDY of Greece and Rome in the Soviet Union"—Robert Browning, Mon., Nov. 24, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. Mems. & studs. 6d.

"PROBLEM Children" in U.S.S.R. Lecture by Mary Baxter, J.P. Chair: D. T. Richnell. Tickets 1s. 6d. (Students & S.C.R. 1s.). Tues., Nov. 25, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

THE Friday Club meets weekly at 4s., Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, at 7.45 p.m. Nov. 28: "The Heresy of Anti-Semitism," by Mr. M. Beloff. Dec. 5: Debate. "Participation in Sport is the most essential part in Education." Talks, social evenings, 7s. 6d. per half session. Apply Sec. Marjorie Kew, at 50 Westbourn Gdns., W.2, or at any meeting; above last till Jan. 9.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wed., Nov. 26, 6.30 p.m. Public Lecture: "Self Realisation." Mr. B. C. Nandi.

SOCIETY for Sex Education and Guidance. The Rev. W. W. Simpson on "Sex and Religion." Wed., Nov. 26, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Admission free.

J. HUTTON Hynd: "John Dewey and Religious Education." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., Nov. 30, 11 a.m.

TARBUT La'Am Jewish Cultural Centre. Sunday Nov. 23: "Assimilation in Jewish History": Dr. S. Stein, 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. 8 p.m.

THE Co-operative Movement in Czechoslovakia. Speaker, Mr. Stanley Harrison, at 20 Pont St., S.W.1. on Tues., Nov. 25 at 7.45 p.m. Chairman: Mrs. Eva Jeakins. British-Czecho-Slovak Friendship League extends a cordial welcome to all.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 7.45 p.m., Tuesday, Nov. 25. Free Lecture: "Man and Morality."

PROGRESSIVE League Saturday, November 22, 6 p.m., 66 Priory Rd., N.W.6. Informal Discussion Social. George D. Painter will speak on "John Cowper Powys."

WAS Jesus Christ wrong? The argument for Plural Marriage for both sexes after seven years, with graphs and diagrams. Edward Wilson, M.D. (Non-Register). Lecture Hall, 4a, Inverness Pl., W.2, Sun., Nov. 30, 7 p.m. 1 min. Bayswater (Circle) and Queensway (Central Underground). Collection.

UNIVERSALIST Service Sunday, Nov. 23, 3.15 p.m., Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., nr. Victoria Sta. Discourse, Psalms and Fellowship, Swami Avyaktananda. P.P.U. Religion Commission.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

DOUGLAS Jay, M.P., on "Britain's Economic Survival." 5th Fabian Autumn Lecture, Tues., Nov. 25, 7.15, Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tkts. 2s. 6d., 4s. at door.

JOHN Freeman, M.P., on "A Socialist Way to Peace", at Chelsea Town Hall, Fri., Nov. 28, at 8 p.m. Kensington & Chelsea Fabian Society. Admittance free.

ALL Nations Social Club. "China Today," by Dr. Horace Joules (recently returned from China). Thursday, November 27, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions and Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

HEAR Prof. Bernal, D. N. Pritt, Gordon Schaffer. Celebrate achievement 1,300,000 signatures to 5 Power Peace Pact Appeal. Cheer delegates to Vienna Peace Congress. St. Pancras Town Hall, Mon., Dec. 1, 8 p.m. Tkts. 5d. Brit. Peace Ctee. 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

"DOES Organised Religion Affect the Life of the Ordinary Human Being?" Address by the Rev. Philip Cohen at Sunday Service, Nov. 23, 11.30 a.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket grnd.). All welc.

POLISH Cultural Institute: Lecture and films on Moniuszko, creator of Poland's national opera. Speaker: Composer Humphrey Searle. Films of opera "Halka" and Symphonic Poem. Friday, Nov. 28, 8 p.m., 81 Portland Place, W.1. All welcome.

THURSDAY, November 27, at 6 p.m.: M. Pierre Mendès-France, Député and former French Minister of Economic Affairs, will speak on "L'épargne et la politique économique française depuis la libération" at the Institut Française, Queensberry Place, S.W.7. Admission free.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Film "Moscow Constructions." Spkr. Pat Sloan on Moscow Revisited, Thurs., Nov. 27, 8 p.m. Tkts. 1s. with s.a.e. to Percival, 19 Welbeck Mans., Inglewood Rd., N.W.6. B.S.F.S. Educ. Ctee.

LUNCH Hour Talks, Tuesdays, 1.10, Caxton Hall, S.W. Nov. 25: "The Transcendental Truth"; Dec. 2, "Vedanta in Outline"; Dec. 9, "The Religion of the Future."

PERSONALIST Group. Marcus G. Sims on "Jean Paul Sartre—a study in metaphysics." Conway Hall, Thursday, November 27, at 7.30 p.m.

MONICA Felton speaks on "U.S.S.R., China and Korea." St. Pancras Town Hall, Fri., Nov. 21, 7.45. Adm. 6d. at door.

ANGLO-German Association: Mr. Harold Nicolson on "Memories of the Weimar Republic." Thurs., Nov. 27, Alliance Hall, Palmer St., off Caxton St., S.W.1. 6.30 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CHILDREN'S Lectures on the Theatre in the Christmas holidays by Sybil Thorndike, Richard Southern, Donald Wolfit and Rosalind Iden, Martin Browne, George Speaight, John Clements and Kay Hammond—on Model Theatres, Puppets, Great Actors, Famous Plays, at the British Academy, Burlington Gardens, on Mondays and Fridays from December 29, at 3 p.m. Serial Tickets for six, incl. tea, 25s., from British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. (EUS. 2666.)

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled "La lingua italiana contemporanea e i suoi problemi" will be given by Professor Bruno Migliorini (Florence) at 4.45 p.m. on November 24, 25 and 27 at University College (Embryology Lecture Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

"THE Mental Climate in which we write." Authors World Peace Appeal Second Conference. C.E.A. Hall, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.1. Dec. 5 & 6. All writers invited. Apply Sc. tkts. 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

WHITE Against Black in Africa. Progressive League week-end conference, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Afternoon 2.30, Nov. 29 & 30. Speakers include James Griffiths, M.P., Monica Whately, Samson Morris. Admission free. Concert & dance Saturday evening 5s. 6d.

"CREATIVE Destruction": Harold Walsby Nov. 24-Dec. 1: "Manners & Conventions, New & Old": J. N. Glaister & others. Dec. 5-8, "Creative Learning & Teaching": C. Gattegno & Jeannie Cannon. Dec. 12-15. Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

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Lecture Courses, etc.—cont. on p. 619

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